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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,

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[From the Boston Saturday Evening Express, July 14.]

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

Mr. Editor: SIR—I have before me two criticisms on the Mount Vernon Papers. One is in the *North American Review*, the other in the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS. One representing the literature, the other the pretension of the country. One supporting the true interests of progress in art and science and civilization, the other pertly attacking intellect and morality, and making an idol of Whitman, and a paradise of Pfaff's.

The *North American Review* calls the Mount Vernon Papers "the ripened fruits of a rich and various culture;" the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS says "they constitute a frightful mass of weak and wearisome platitude"—"a level waste of stupidity." The *North American Review* asserts that "they have been read by a greater number of persons than any similar collection in our language." The SATURDAY PRESS declares they have "enjoyed the kindness of apathy and the courtesy of silence."

The comparative value of these opinions, and the absolute truth or falsehood of these assertions an educated public opinion can easily decide.

Such a man as Mr. Everett belongs to the public. He has submitted himself to the scarifying operations of criticism as completely as a man who wills his body to a hospital is entitled to dissection. He is exposed to the attacks of spiteful littleness as much as the flower or the forest tree to the dirty contact of the caterpillar and the grub. And no one will feel surprised that a witling of the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, inspired by lager, and bloated by bad tobacco, records "entire and hearty disgust" at Mr. Edward Everett; with drunken hardihood untruly asserts that the author of the Mount Vernon Papers has assured us "that the only straight and narrow path to happiness is through the office of the *New York Ledger*;" and adds three notes of admiration at his own gross self-conceit and measureless vanity.

To this sort of dungfly criticism Mr. Everett will of course be indifferent; and I am exercising only a right common to every individual, when I crack the illiterate scribbler, who in miserable malignity insults the community by assailing one of its most talented and most honorable members.

That an unknown, unnamed, dollar-a-day hireling, [illegible] the refuse of a wretched Bohemian [illegible] in inebriate audacity, unblushingly call Mr. Everett an "inflated bladder," may be accepted as an evidence of the miserable state of the Gothamite press. But should this impertinent little nibbler escape fleabottomry, it would be a disgrace to every man who recognizes Mr. Everett's claims to the good will of his countrymen.

So far as the diluted venom of the noxious scribe can avail, Mr. Everett is injured. But wherever an honest public opinion exists, the slanderer in the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, who designates Mr. Everett "a hollow and artificial pretender," will be regarded as merely insanely malignant. VERITE.

[From the Mattapan Register, July 14th.]

We copy upon our fourth page, from the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, an ably-written notice of the 'Mount Vernon Papers,' which series appeared originally in the New York *Ledger*. As Bostonians we do not exactly relish all it says about our illustrious fellow-townsman, the Hon. Edward Everett; but the general good sense, and pointed and truthful hits contained in the article, are in refreshing contrast to the namby-pamby, bogus reviews published in journals of much less ability, but of far greater pretensions. The PRESS is emphatically a live, original, and independent paper; and when we find a criticism in its columns, we know that it comes from the head—not the pocket. It is no vehicle of hired puffery. We hope its days may be long and prosperous.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is one of the live weekly journals of the country, and we observe that the English literary journals make copious extracts from it.

[From the Boston Courier.]

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS is a paper which seems to sparkle with new brightness at each appearance.

[From the Boston Recorder.]

We know of no literary journal, either in this country or in England, which, on the whole, we should prefer to the SATURDAY PRESS; and we heartily commend it to all who desire to keep themselves acquainted with the issues of the American and English press, and other current matters in literature.

[From the Boston Congregationalist.]

We have been much pleased with the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS, which strikes us as being the spiciest, frankest, and truest in its criticisms upon literature of any journal out. It contains the completest printed list of New Books and Books in Press.

[From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

The SATURDAY PRESS is mainly devoted to current Literary News, Belles Lettres, the Fine Arts, etc, and is one of the best journals of the kind ever published in this country.

[From the New York Daily Times.]

The SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest of the literary weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very salient peculiarities of character and tone.

[From the New York Sunday Courier.]

The SATURDAY PRESS contains wit enough, and good writing enough to entitle it to a hearty support from all the cultivated and right-thinking classes.

[From the New York Day Book.]

We believe everybody, unless he is a sham and a charlatan, likes this spirited, outspoken sheet. The individuals excepted hold it in holy horror; for the manner it pitches into nonsense of all kinds in its sharp, sententious, Frenchy way, is as refreshing to the pure-minded and virtuous, as it is distasteful to the humbugs.

[From the New York Dispatch.]

For our own part, we are free to confess that we take up no paper with more eagerness, and peruse none of all our exchange list, which is over-large, with half as much satisfaction as THE SATURDAY PRESS. Nay, we would willingly pay fifty cents a-copy rather than do without it, and the subscription-price is only $2 per annum. THE SATURDAY PRESS cannot be induced by money or patronage to puff anybody or anything not deserving free favorable mention, and is as free and independent as it is witty, sprightly, and just in all matters of art, literature, and social questions. It is the paper for intelligent and independent people.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

We are moved by no consideration save genuine merit to commend to the searchers after a good weekly paper, THE SATURDAY PRESS, published in New York by Henry Clapp, Jr. It is really the first attempt in this country at pure, decent, uninfluenced literary journalism, and is free from the nauseating traits of the majority of the weeklies. The criticisms of affairs in the artistic and social realm are intelligent, and always hit straight; the bon-mots out-sparkle the best things of *Punch;* and a feature alone worthy the subscription, is the weekly Book-List, accurately prepared.

[From the Scranton Republican.]

It is conducted with great sprightliness and vigor. Its editors are evidently men who do their own thinking, and give independent criticisms on passing events and current literature. It is especially valuable to the literary man and the bookseller, by reason of its publication of the weekly issues of the leading publishing houses in the country.

[From the Hartford Courant.]

A vigorous, original, lively, and independent literary weekly. It is distinguished above any paper in the United States for its fresh and accurate literary intelligence, the independence and vigor of its leading articles, the choiceness of its miscellaneous matter, and, especially, for its complete weekly List of New Books and Books in Press. To the scholar, the literary man, and the man of taste, in all matters of art and literature, we consider this paper almost a necessity.

[From the Providence Journal.]

The most attractive journal for literary men and book-collectors which has fallen under our notice is THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

SUMMER.

The fickle year is in its golden prime;
The world is dreaming in a hazy lustre,
And round the altars of our Summer clime,
The blushing roses cluster.

Upon the mountain dwells impassioned light,
And in the valley sleeps a shade depressing,
While fields of waving wealth enchant the sight,
Like gold of God's own blessing.

The ploughman rests beneath the wayside tree,
The stream curls slowly round the hoofs of cattle;
And o'er the meadow floats the droning bee,
Fresh from his flowery battle.

Soft through the Southern meshes of the vine,
I hear the birds unto each other call—
And in the casket of the mountains
The hope dwells warm and waiting.

Far in the distance rolls the sluggish sea,
With not enough of life in all its breathing
To bid the sail from its rude bonds go free,
And spurn its hempen wreathing.

On all there rests a halo and a hush,
The spell of poesy is on the blossom,
And Nature's spirit slumbers in a blush,
Caught from high Heaven's bosom.

The Past and Future blend in one sweet sleep,
The world's a dream, and Care a hidden mummer,
Whose tears, however sadly he may weep,
Are but the dews of Summer.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

A THOUGHT ON CULTURE.

By J. BARROUGHS.

In the conduct of life, a man should not show his knowledge, but his wisdom; not his money, that were vulgar and foolish,—but the result of it, independence, courage, culture, generosity, manliness, and that noble, humane, courteous air, which wealth always brings to the right sort of a man.

A display of mere knowledge, under most circumstances is pedantry: an exercise of wisdom is always God-like. We cannot pardon the absence of knowledge, but itself must be hid. We can use a thing without absolutely showing it, we can be reasonable without boring people with our logic, and speak correctly without parsing our sentences.

The end of knowledge is not that a man may appear learned, any more than the end of eating is that a man may seem to have a full stomach: but the end of it is that a man may be wise, see, and understand things as they are; be able to adjust himself to the universe in which he is placed, and judge and reason with the celerity of instinct, and that without any conscious exercise of his knowledge. When we feel the food we have eaten, something is wrong; so when a man is forever conscious of his learning, he has not digested it, and it is an encumbrance. The virtue of a pair of drawers is to keep us warm without making themselves felt; and books are of value only so far as they strengthen and fortify the mind without our being aware of it. The rule, the manner of the feat, should be hid. We love to see the address on an envelop written strait and in order, but do not like to see an indented line beneath it. Show the boy the spring that makes his dog jump, or the reason that makes it bark, and he is indifferent toward it at once.

We must go beyond learning and logic to pure intellection, to plain, child-like statement of truth. It is vulgar and mercenary to ask reasons. Do you doubt my integrity? must I chalk out my proof and fill my pockets with statistics, to confirm my word? If I have gained the summit of a mountain, must I needs show you the calves of my legs to convince you that I really climb there? Is it possible for a man to climb a mountain without calves to his legs?

We repeat again, knowledge should not show itself; it should be silent and hid like the earths and alkalies at the roots of a tree, and our wisdom and culture as open and free as the fruit upon the branches.

It is a strange idea some people have of use: as if a man must go jingling his money in his pocket to establish his claim to wealth; or reciting passages from books to gain the honor of wisdom. Good painting and good sculpture need no explanation; and a really wise man need not hang out a sign-board or employ a trumpeter. Wisdom, like the sun, is its own herald.

The means are always local and secondary, and should not eclipse the end. I prefer the house to the scaffolding, victories to military tactics, and gold to the pick and spade with which it was dug. Some long-eared critics object to Emerson that he has no logic: "fine word painting," say they, "deep insight into men and things; wonderful ability in grasping and stating first-principles, but a total absence of the syllogism and the Whately formula," and then loud braying against said absence. How absurd! As if a man could tread the hights Emerson does without logic; yes, without tasking it to its utmost, and going beyond it into regions where it is as feeble and as useless as a tallow-candle in the open day.

The highest and last result of logic is pure statement, simple unqualified affirmation, like that of a child and the Scriptural Writers. When a man has arrived in full sight of a thing, his language is naturally positive and direct; but when he has only some faint trace and glimmer of it, he may be pardoned long and careful statement, and close adherence to the rules of circumstantial evidence.

Locke's logic is more obvious than Emerson's, because he stops away this side; he produces mixed flasts and heat, while Emerson gives pure white light; his thought is arrested in the lowest stage of its development, and is like a chick with the shell always to its back. Emerson's goes full circle and transcends all conditions and limitations of its earlier birth. His logic is hid like the cob in the ear. The golden kernels are there, and what more do you want? Is that considered the ripest and best corn where the cob is constantly showing through? on the contrary it is evidence of partial development, and is never used by the farmer for seed.

There is a period in the growth of every idea, when it naturally tends toward the syllogistic form, and is combative and demonstrative: even as there is a period in the growth of the individual when he becomes argumentative and pugilistic, believes only in his senses, loves display and an array of evidence. But he outgrows it, as the fruit outgrows its sour puckery flavor. His riper maturity is marked by more sedateness, less show and more substance, less logic and more reason; he is less disposed to contradict, is more simple and direct in his speech, uses the first person and the positive degree, and delights in maxims and proverbs. So with the idea; as it ripens (and it will ripen in a mind with enough sky-room), it is refined and expanded, or rather metamorphosed like the grub; transcends these local and accidental forms, gets up from grovelling on its belly and approaches the dignity of real being.

Emerson is the most mature mind in this country; his culture is the most perfect and complete, and to wish him more logical is to wish him to stoop from his high altitude and become less intellectual.

And now, since we are on the subject, we will advance one or two more ideas relative to culture.

The boy is to learn much that he is to unlearn. The last is not to be left in the shoe, nor the potters-wheel in the pot. Study is for discipline: the mathematics are a sort of mental gymnastics; Algebra and Geometry are not always to be carried in the mind. We are not to state our thoughts in the Algebraic formula, nor solve the problems of life on Euclid's diagrams. The mathematics would thus defeat their own end; they are to mould and develop, and to teach close and connected habits of thought. When the world comes in, these things must go out; when the house is finished, the scaffolding must come down. Their value is wholly as a means, not as an end. We are to study Astronomy not merely to know the size, distance, and motions of the heavenly bodies,—this is the husk, the kernel lies deeper. A habit of contemplating objects so vast, beautiful, and sublime, has an ennobling, elevating, effusive effect on the whole man. The harmony and grandeur of the [illegible] only comes down and appears in life.

Thus the chief value of all the sciences is not literal, but virtual; they are not to encumber the mind with facts and details, but to conduct it to laws and principles, and to enable it to translate outward conditions into its thought: Analysis is of value only where it leads to a higher synthesis.

In view of these facts, many good people are seriously opposed to occupying the time and attention of the boy with mathematics and the sciences. "What is the use of it?" they say; "he never practices them afterward. They adhere to his mind about as firmly as do his spitballs to the ceiling over his head; the rush and jar of life soon precipitate them from him." My farmer friend, do you wish the manure you draw upon your fields always to remain manure, and lie there in visible chunks as when first scattered? Do you not rather wish it to entirely disappear, and its virtue become latent and hidden in the soil? Verily so: and knowledge must not only be eaten but digested, and incorporated into the very substance of the mind to answer its end. Why may not the business-ability, the quick comprehension, the rapid adaptation of means to ends, the insight and foresight that has gained your son's success in the world, be owing in a great measure to the severe discipline of these same mathematics, which he has now forgotten, and the study of which you regarded as time thrown away? These things work by wonderful indirections, and strength acquired by any one means is so much ready capital, good for any investment whatever.

Let the boy study that which will teach him to think and reason, and give him entire command of all his faculties. If chess will do this better than anything else, then set him playing chess, though he be designed for the ministry, or a Stock Jobber in Wall Street.

He is not to be educated solely with reference to his future calling or pursuit. This lies out of him, is not yet his, and can only be rightly appropriated by his coming to it from higher grounds, and in full possession of himself. This is the way men are dwarfed and deformed; by being educated solely with a view to some speciality, and having only certain sets of their faculties developed. The character loses all symmetry and proportion. It is unduly, even offensively prominent on one side, but weak and deficient on every other. Hence men become knots and knurls, parts and fractions, the prisoners of one idea, and are good for nothing outside their particular channel.

Except in rare cases, educate the boy with reference to no speciality. Let him make his own banks as the brook does, and determine his own course under the sun. Give him volume and copiousness; place him at an altitude above his surroundings, let the element that feeds him be pure and wholesome, and leave the result to time.

The perfection of Art, we are told, is to conceal Art; that is, push it so far that it goes full circle, ceases to be Art, and becomes nature again. The same is true of culture; it must be pushed so far as not to remind us of culture, of books and systems, and seem natural and intuitive. Is not that the best polish where all the marks of the chisel and scratch of the sand-paper are polished away, and the lustre seems borne on it?

Culture should end in making us more thoroughly natural and individual than we generally are. It is not to recast us, or force us into this or that conventional mould, but to bring out our native features, ultimate our possibilities, and further us in our own direction.

Its end is not to convert the head into an encyclopedia, nor properly should it end in thought and theory, but in manliness, composure, self-possession, presence of mind, clearness of vision, courage, charity, a thorough and instant command of all our powers, and control of all our passions; in short, should end in character more than in faculty.

Locke's saying that 'when God makes the prophet he does not unmake the man,' is equally true of cul-

[illegible] thoroughly carried out. Half-culture does unmake the man, but full and complete culture refashions him, not after a new model, but after an improved copy of the old. There are certain stages in the growth of our mind when we appear to be going in the opposite direction of the end aimed at, and when the immediate external signs, if we look no deeper, would lead us to believe that the tendency of culture was to impoverish and dwarf, and not to strengthen and enrich.

This is what we might call the green state of things, and corresponds to that of the apple in July, when [illegible] seems to be removed from the sweet May-blossom, on the one hand, and as opposite to the ripe autumnal fruit, on the other. March is certainly a step from Winter toward Summer, yet its sour, fickle, blustering weather, if one looked no further, and did not consider the law, would induce the belief that the earth had taken the wrong road, and that Summer did not lie in this direction. So in the progress of culture there are periods when we seem further from truth and a right knowledge of things, than when we set out. Thought and study change our stand-point, and before we have worked through to another, and come to see things from the grounds of intellect and not of experience, we are apt to be unbelievers, scoffers, and skeptics; having as yet no faith in anything permanent and solid, we lose all sense of sacredness and veneration, and our instinct is to deny and trample down. In such a case, the course for an individual or a nation to pursue, is not to deny its unbelief and turn back, and say the tendency of culture is evil, but to persistently follow it out, push it to its legitimate results, and the law will be found to vindicate itself.

In a people, the first advances from barbarism toward civilization is marked by results directly contrary to those aimed at, extravagant taste, a love of show and display, of luxurious living and martial conquest; but push it farther, civilize more, and the law brings us back again to our first insight and simplicity, and with the rough barbarous element purged away. So in the progress of government. All systems of government begin and end properly in no government; that is, in self government, when the code and statue pass into the individual and become his spontaneous life; yet the middle state, the antipode of the circle is a despotism, the ignoring of the individual and of private judgment; the utmost externization of law; the unlimited power of one, the no-power of the many; the farthest possible remove from democracy (the highest result of all government), yet on the road that leads to it, a necessary intervening condition, and one that is not to be denied or damned, but to be followed out, till the curve of the circle brings us around, corrected and disciplined, and our unconscious life on a level with the highest conception of law.

[From the Independent, July 19.]

THE RIVER PATH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[The following new and beautiful poem, from our ever-welcome contributor, will be recognised by those who have ever been near his cottage, as a Picture of a Sunset on the Banks of the Merrimac.—ED. INDEPENDENT.]

No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;
No ripple from the kingfisher stirred,
The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear.

And the night cometh chill with dew,
O, Father! let thy light break through!

So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth;

And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!"

— From an article on Town Gossip in the *Court News and County Families Chronicle* we extract the following passage on 'The Club,' the club of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds: 'In these days the term club usually implies a magnificent stone-building in Pall-mall or St. James street, by Smirke or Barry. But there still remain one or two of the old houseless clubs with which our grandfathers were familiar. Amongst others, there is one which so far transcends all others, both in antiquity and in old associations, that it has all along maintained the name of 'The Club' par excellence. To it Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and the other wits and literati of his day belonged, and it has retained an apostolical succession of great names down to the present day. It is very small and select, and a single black ball excludes. A year or two since it numbered amongst its members Hallam and Macaulay, and they were among the constant attendants at its dinners, which take place twice a-month during the Parliamentary season. Byron and Scott were not members of 'The Club' in their day, because they were not usually domiciled in the great metropolis; and poets and historians who prefer the retirement of the country to the bricks and mortar of London are still excluded from its festive gatherings. 'The Club,' however, though unknown to fame, still holds its assemblies, and embraces most of the representative-men of the age, such as Mr. Stirling, Professor Owen, Dean Milman, &c. The custody of the books and archives of the club rests with the Secretary, Dr. Milman, the venerable Dean of St. Paul's, who takes great pride and pleasure in showing to literary friends the valuable collection of autographs which these books contain. Some of the signatures bear evident token of having been written after dinner, and there is a tremulousness about Boxy's signature which is most characteristic of the man.'

— It is announced that Mrs. Jameson's 'Life of Christ and John the Baptist,' completing the series of Legendary Art, will be published under the care of Lady Eastlake.

BEAUTY.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I had a dream one glorious Summer night
In the rich bosom of imperial June.
Languid I lay upon an odorous couch,
Golden with amber, festooned wildly o'er
With crimson roses, while the silent stars
Wept dews of love upon their clustered leaves.
Above me soared the azure vault of heaven,
Vast and majestic; cinctured with that path
Whereby, mayhap, the sea-born Venus finds
A way from higher spheres; that path which seems
A band of silver, gemm'd with regal stars,
And bound upon the forehead of young night.

There as I lay, the musical South-wind
Shook all the roses into murmuring,
And poured their fragrance o'er me in a shower
Of purple mist. Anon, upon mine ears
Came a low, sweet, and silvery melody;
Which with delicious languor filled the air,
And, like the sunset-colored water, broke,
And floated into labyrinths of sound.

Then rose a shape, a dim and ghostly shape,
Whereto was neither form nor feature given;
A shadowy splendor, seeming as it came
A pale and pearly cloud shot through and through
With faintest rays of sunset: yet within
A spirit dwelt; and, floating from within
A murmur trembled softly into words:

'I am the ghost of a most lovely dream
Which haunted, in old days, a Poet's mind!
And long he sought for, wept and prayed for me;
And searched through all the chambers of his soul,
And searched the secret places of the earth,
The lonely forest and the lonely shore,
And listened to the voices of the sea,
What time the stars were out, and midnight cold
Slept on the dark waves whispering at his feet;
And sought the mystery in a human form,
Amid the haunts of men, and found it not;
And looked in woman's sweet and tender eyes,
And mirrored there his own, and saw no sign!
But only in his dreams I came to him,
And gave him fitful glimpses of my face,
Whereof he after sang in sweetest words;
Then died and came to me. But, evermore,
Through weary days and lonely, wakeful nights—
A life of star-lit gloom—do Poets seek
To rend away the veil which covers me!
And evermore they grasp the empty air.
For only in their dreams I come to them,
And give them fitful glimpses of my face,
And lull them with the music-words of hope,
That promise sometime to their ravished eyes
A vision of the absolute Beautiful!'

Then the voice ceased, and only on mine ears
The shaken roses murmured and the wind!

[Translated for The New York Saturday Press.]

COMEDIANS WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

BY HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

(Continued.)

As soon as Gazonal appeared, Marius glanced at him favorably and cried, "Regulus, this head for you, clip it with the small scissors."

"Excuse me," said Gazonal to the pupil, "I desire to have my hair dressed by Mr. Marius himself."

Marius flattered at the compliment, left the head he was dressing and advanced.

"I shall attend to you, I will finish you, do not be uneasy, my pupil will prepare you, I myself will decide about the cut."

Marius, who was a little man, marked with the crow, and dressed [illegible] like Rubini's, as black as a ornamented with a diamond, just then recognised Bixiou, whom he saluted as a power equal to himself.

"It is an ordinary head," he said to Leon, pointing to the gentleman he was attending to, "a grocer, what you will. If we followed only our art, we would die crazy in an asylum."

He returned with an inimitable gesture to his client, after saying to Regulus, "Be careful with the gentleman, he is evidently an artist."

"A journalist," said Bixiou.

At this, Marius gave two or three strokes with the comb to the ordinary head, and turned towards Gazonal, taking Regulus by the arm just as he commenced to use his small scissors.

"I will attend the gentleman. Look, sir," he said to the grocer, "look at yourself in the glass—Ossian?"

The servant entered and handed the client his coat and hat.

"You pay at the desk, sir," said Marius to the bewildered customer, who had produced his purse.

"Is this operation of the small scissors necessary?" asked Bixiou.

"No head comes to me, unless cleared," answered the illustrious hair-dresser; "but on your account I will do the gentleman's entirely. My pupils make the sketch. I do not work myself at that. You said what all the world says, 'I wish to have my hair dressed by Marius.' I can only give the finishing touches. Upon what paper does the gentleman work?"

"In your place I would have three or four Mariuses," said Gazonal.

"Ah, the gentleman, I see, is a feuilletoniste!" said Marius. "Alas, in hair-dressing, where they pay for the individual, it is impossible. Pardon—"

He left Gazonal to go and overlook Regulus, who was preparing a newly-arrived head. He struck his tongue against the roof of his mouth with a noise of disapprobation.

"Come, good God! it is not cut square enough; your scissors make hacks in it. Stop, see! Regulus, we are not shaving poodles. These are men who have characters, and if you continue to look at the ceiling instead of dividing your attention between the glass and the face, you will dishonor my house."

"You are severe, Mr. Marius."

"I owe the secrets of the art to them."

"It is an art, then?" said Gazonal.

Marius indignantly looked at Gazonal in the glass, and stopped, the comb in one hand and the scissors in the other.

"Sir, you speak of it like a child, and yet, from your accent, you seem to come from the South, the land of men of genius."

"Yes, I know that it needs a sort of taste," answered Gazonal.

"But don't speak so, sir. I expected better of you. It is saying that a hair-dresser—I do not say a good hair-dresser, for one is or is not a hair-dresser—a hair-dresser is more difficult to find than—what shall I say?—than a—I know not what—a minister—(don't move)—no, for we cannot judge of a minister's value, the streets are filled with ministers; a Paganini—no, that is not enough! A hair-dresser! sir, a man who guesses your soul, your habits, so as to dress your hair in accordance with your face, he needs the qualities which make a philosopher. And the women, also! Stay, the women appreciate us, they know our value—we are worth the conquest which they wish to make the day when they have their hair dressed for a triumph—that is to say, that a hair-dresser—no one can know what he is. Stay, I who speak to you, I am almost—without boasting, I am known. Well, no, I find that it needs the best. Execution is the whole matter. Ah! if the women would give me free scope, if I could execute all that comes to me in idea—you see I have an infernal imagination—but the women will not do it; they have their plans, they stroke themselves with their fingers, or the comb, when you are gone, altering the delicious constructions which should be engraved and preserved, for our works, sir, last only a few hours. A great hair-dresser, eh! he would be something like Carême and Vestris in their sphere." (Your head on this side, if you please; I am making the face now.) Our profession is spoiled by the bunglers who comprehend neither their epoch nor their art. They are soldiers of wigs, or essences to make the hair grow; they see nothing but the bottles to sell you! That is pitiable—it is trade. These wretches cut hair, or dress it as they can. I, when I came from Toulouse here, I had the ambition to succeed to the great Marius, to be a true Marius, to make the name more illustrious by my own deeds than all the other four had done. I said to myself, To conquer or to die. (There, hold yourself erect, I am almost done.) It is I who first introduced this elegance. I made my rooms the object of curiosity. I despise advertising; and what advertising costs, I put, sir, in comfort, in decoration. Next year I will have in a small saloon a quartette. They will play the best music. Yes, it is necessary to charm the weariness of those whose hair we dress. I do not disguise the disagreeable part of the business. (Look at yourself.) To have one's hair dressed is tiresome, perhaps as much so as to sit for one's portrait, and the gentleman perhaps knows that the famous Mr. Humboldt (I knew how to use the little hair which America had left him. Science has this similarity with the savage, that it scalps its man perfectly), that famous sage, said that next to the pain of going to be hung, was the pain of going to be painted; but, accepting the opinion of some ladies, I place the pain of having the hair dressed before that of being painted. Well, sir, I wish that people would come to have their hair dressed from pleasure. (You have a tuft which must be overcome.) A Jew proposed to me some Italian singers, who in the intervals would have brushed the hair of all young men under forty; but I found they were the young girls of the Conservatoire, the piano-players from Montmartre street. Your hair is dressed, sir, as a man's of talent should be. Ossian," said he to his servant in livery, "brush the gentlemen and show them out. Whose turn is it?" he added, looking proudly round upon the persons who were waiting.

"Don't laugh, Gazonal," said Leon to his cousin, as they reached the bottom of the stair-case, and looked out upon the Place de la Bourse; "I see down there one of our great men, and you can compare his language to that of this industrial, and tell me, when you have heard both, which of the two is the greatest original."

"Don't laugh, Gazonal," said Bixiou, facetiously repeating Leon's intonation. "What do you suppose occupies Marius?"

"Hair-dressing."

"He has," resumed Bixiou, "gained the monopoly of the wholesale trade in hair, as that tradesman who is going to sell us a plate for a crown is said to have the trade in truffles; he discounts the paper of his trade, he lends on security to his clients who are embarrassed, he sells annuities, he gambles in stocks; he is stockholder in all the periodicals for the fashions; then under the name of an apothecary he sells an infamous drug, which alone gives him thirty thousand francs income, and costs for advertisements a hundred thousand francs a-year."

"Is that possible?" said Gazonal.

"Remember this," said Bixiou, gravely; "in Paris the selling of rags up to the trade in matches. The lemonade-seller, who, with his napkin under his arm, sees you enter his shop, may be worth fifty thousand francs; a servant in a restaurant is a voter; and the man whom you, seeing him pass by in the street, might think was a beggar, may have in his pocket unset diamonds worth a hundred thousand francs, and does not steal them."

The three friends, for this day at least inseparable, proceeded, under the direction of the landscape-painter, in such a way as to meet a man about forty years old, decorated, who came upon the boulevard from New Vivienne street.

"Ah," said Leon, "what are you dreaming about, my dear Dubourdieu? what fine symbolical composition engages you now? My dear cousin, I have the honor of presenting you to our illustrious painter, Dubourdieu, not less celebrated for his talents than for his humanitarian opinions. Dubourdieu, my cousin Palafox."

Dubourdieu—a small man with a pale complexion, a melancholy blue eye—bowed slightly to Gazonal, who prostrated himself before the man of genius.

"You have named Stidmann in the place of"—

"What would you have me do? I was not there," answered the great landscape-painter.

"You bring the Academy into contempt," said the painter. "To choose such a man; I do not wish to say anything against him, but he is a mechanic! What will become of the first of arts—the one whose works are the most durable, which recreates nations after the world has lost even their recollection?—which consecrates great men? Sculpture is a priesthood; it epitomizes the ideas of an era, and you receive among you a maker of busts and chimney-pieces—a maker of ornaments—one of the sellers in the temple. Ah! as Champfort says, to support this Parisian-life a man must commence each day by swallowing a viper. Yet art still remains to us; its worship cannot be forbidden us"—

"And then, my dear, you have a consolation which few artists possess—the future is yours," said Bixiou. "When the world shall become converted to our doctrine, you will be at the head of your art, for you bring to it ideas which the world will comprehend—when they shall have been generalized! In fifty years from hence, you will be for the whole world what you are now only for us—a great man! It is only necessary to wait until then!"

"I am just now," said the artist, whose face dilated as a man's does when his vanity is flattered, "engaged in finishing the allegorical figure of Harmony; and if you will come to see it, you will understand that I have done well in spending two years upon its creation. It embraces everything! At the first glance you will see the destiny of the globe. The Queen holds in one hand the pastoral bâton, a symbol of the advancement of the useful classes. She wears the cap of liberty; her breasts are six in number, in the Egyptian style, for the Egyptians had a presentiment of Fourier; her feet rest upon two joined hands, which surround the globe, in token of the fraternity of the human race; she tramples upon broken cannon, to signify the abolition of war; and I have tried to express in her face the serenity of triumphant agriculture. I have also placed at her side an enormous cabbage, which, according to our Master, is the symbol of concord—O! it is not one of the least of Fourier's claims to veneration that he has restored ideas to plants; he has harmonized all creation by the mutual significance of things, and also by their peculiar language. In an hundred years the world will be much greater than it is"—

"How will that be brought about, sir?" said Gazonal, stupefied at hearing a man who was not in an insane asylum speak thus.

"By the increase of production. If we would only

(CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.)

The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending July 21, 1860.

... no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the ... New Books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent SATURDAY PRESS, *does most wisely by merely mentioning them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in comely type, is a very valuable notice.*—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

RELIGIOUS.

... a Witness for the Bible. By Rev. W. N. Pendleton, D.D. ... J. B. Lippincott & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life, Confession, Letters of Courtship, and Execution, of the Rev. J. S. Harden, of the M. E. Church, Mount Lebanon, Hunterdon County, N. J. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

HISTORICAL.

Slavery in History. By Count Gurowski. 1 vol. 12mo. $1. New York: A. B. Burdick. (Ready July 25th.)

TRAVELS.

A Run Through Europe. By Erastus C. Benedict. 1 vol. 12mo. $1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MEDICAL.

Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science. An Address delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society at the Annual Meeting, May 30, 1860. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D. 25 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California. Illustrated with Engravings. 12mo. $1.25. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Books and Reading: a Lecture. By W. P. Atkinson, Esq. 20 cents. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Private Libraries of New York. By James Wynne, M.D. 8vo. pp. 472. Printed for the subscribers. New York: G. French, 120 Nassau street.

ENGLISH.

HISTORICAL.

A Comprehensive History of India, Civil, Military, and Social, from the first landing of the English to the suppression of the Sepoy Revolt, including an outline of the early history of Hindostan. By Henry Beveridge. Illustrated. Volume I. Royal 8vo. £1. London: Blackie & Son.

A Sketch of the History of Flemish Literature and its celebrated Authors, from the Twelfth Century down to the present Time. By Octave Delepierre, LL.D. Compiled from Flemish Sources. London: Murray.

MEDICAL.

The Retrospect of Medicine: being a half-yearly journal, containing a retrospective view of every discovery and practical improvement in the medical sciences. Edited by W. Braithwaite. Volume XLI. January to June, 1860. 12mo, cloth. 6s. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Source of the Nile: being a general survey of the branches of that river and its head streams, etc. By Charles T. Beke. 8vo, cloth. 6s. London: Madden.

Printing and its Accessories: a comprehensive book of charges for the guidance of Letter-press and Lithographic Printers, Engravers, and Bookbinders, Instructions in Lithography, Ink, Chalk, and Chromo, with Descriptive Illustrations; together with 15 samples of English and Foreign papers. By G. Rose and ... Strawer. Crown 8vo. cloth. 21s. London: Straker & Son.

Rough Types of English Life. By the late Jellinger Cookson Symons, Esq. Crown 8vo. cloth. 5s. London: James Blackwood.

On some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries. By Richard Chenevix Trench. Second Edition Revised and Enlarged. To which is added a Letter to the Author from Herbert Coleridge, Esq., on the Progress and Prospects of the Society's New English Dictionary. 8vo, sewed. 3s. London: J. W. Parker.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Memorials of Thomas Hood. Edited by his Daughter, with a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Hood's own Sketches. 2 vols. 12mo. $1.75. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

POETRY.

Poems. By Gerald Massey. New Edition, completely revised, and greatly enlarged by the addition of many new Poems. Prepared under the immediate supervision of the author. 1 vol. Blue and Gold. With Portrait. 75 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Confessions of Augustine. Edited, with an Introduction, by William G. T. Shedd. 16mo. pp. 417. $1. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

JOHN WILEY, NEW YORK.

Modern Painters. By John Ruskin. Volume 5.

C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & CO., NEW YORK.

Mayhew's Illustrated Horse-Doctor. To which will be added a complete Homœopathic Manual of Veterinary Practice. Edited by a Practical American Veterinarian.

E. P. DALTON & CO., BOSTON.

Lyra Domestica. Christian Songs for Domestic Edification, translated from the Psaltery and Harp of C. J. P. Spitta. By Richard Massie.

Churchman's Diary for 1861.

Old Man's Home. By Rev. William Adams, M.A.

Shadow of the Cross. By Rev. William Adams, M.A.

Distant Hills. By Rev. Wm. Adams, M.A.

King's Messengers. By Rev. Wm. Adams, M.A.

Adams's Allegories. 1 volume containing the four.

Clergyman's Vade Mecum.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

Brief Biographies. By Samuel Smiles, author of Self Help, etc. Prepared for the press of Ticknor & Fields, and printed from the Author's MS.

Odd People: a Book of Popular Ethnology for Boys. By Captain Mayne Reid. 1 vol. Profusely Illustrated.

The Boy's Book of Animals. With numerous Illustrations. By Captain Mayne Reid.

Six Lectures on the Various Forces of Matter, and their Relation to each other. By Professor Faraday. 1 vol. With Illustrations.

Over the Cliffs. A Novel. By Mrs. Chanter. A sister of Rev. Charles Kingsley.

A New Poem. By Coventry Patmore, author of The Angel in the House.

Home Ballads and Poems. By John G. Whittier. 1 vol. 16mo.

Hymns of the Ages. Second Series. 1 vol.

Lake House. By Fanny Lewald. Translated from the German by Nathaniel Greene.

Twelve Sermons. By Horace Mann. 1 vol.

The Life of Francis Bacon. By Hepworth Dixon. Founded on original letters and documents.

The Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle. Containing memorials of the men and events of his times. Edited by John Hill Burton.

Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers. From the last English Edition. 1 vol.

Horæ Subsecivæ. By John Brown, M.D., author of Rab and his Friends.

The Odes of Horace, translated into English Verse. With a Life and Notes. By Theodore Martin. 1 vol. Blue and Gold.

Poems. By the late Rev. Wm. Croswell, D.D. Edited with a Memoir by the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D. 1 vol.

Poems. By the late William Allingham. Collected, revised, and arranged by the author. 1 vol. Blue and Gold.

The Complete Works of Walter Savage Landor. Library Edition. With the Author's latest revisions.

Seaside... A Novel.

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The Complete Works of Mrs. Anna Jameson. A Uniform Edition.

A Volume by Rev. Dr. Walker, former President of Harvard University.

The Eighth Commandment. By Charles Reade.

Switzerland and Italy. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending Saturday, July 21, 1860.

The National Quarterly Review. Edited by Edward J. Sears, A.B. Volume I. June 1860. No. 1. New York: Pudney & Russell. 1860.

A Run Through Europe. By Erastus C. Benedict. 12mo. pp. 552. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

Private Libraries of New York. By James Wynne, M.D. 8vo. pp. 472. Printed for the subscribers. New York: E. French, 120 Nassau street. 1860.

Memorials of Thomas Hood. Collected, Arranged, and Edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 310-327. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Contents of Magazines.

Knickerbocker Magazine for August contains: Passages of the Reign of Terror, by Oliver S. Leland; Stanzas: "Amavi;" King Bo...—A Dream of a Winter's Night; An Epitaph—from the Greek; Scene at Sea—A Fragment; The Valley of the French; A Retrospective—from Horace; Captain Garbas—A Tale from the French; Lines to the Wood Flowers—by George Hill; Stanzas—"Therese;" The Observations of Mace Sloper, Esq.—Second Series; Stanzas—"Threnody;" Ancient History of Modern Inventions—translated from the French, by Dr. James O. Noyes; Lines—"The Wife's Lament;" The Unsatisfied—"Who is Satisfied?" Pepe—An Authentic Sketch; Stanzas—"He Stille h the Storm;" Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

The Atlantic Monthly for August contains: The Carnival of the Romantic, by Wm. I. Symonds; Prince Adeb; Eleusinia; Victor and Jacqueline; Tobacco; Shakspere done into French; The Poet's Singing; A Journey in Sicily; The Professor's Story—Chaps. XV., XVI.; Anno Domini 1860; Darwin on the Origin of Species—continued; Reviews and Literary Notices.

Harper's Monthly for August contains: The Red River and Beyond; John Bull in Japan; The Battle of Bennington—a Ballad of Vermont; Before Breakfast; The Cruise of the Two Deacons—Chaps. IV. and V.; Jo Daviess, of Kentucky; Two Portraits; Henry Gilbert; The Courtship of Susan Bell, by Anthony Trollope; Black Tarn; The Four Georges—I. George the First—by W. M. Thackeray; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; The Doleful History of the Omnibus Horse; Fashions for August.

— A Committee of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, section of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, have placed the name of Prof. Dana, of New Haven, Conn., second on their list of candidates for a vacancy. The name of M. Nordman, of Helsingfors, Russia, stands first, and will probably be elected.

Special Notices.

Gouraud's Philosophy of the Finger Nails.

No. V.

We have said that those disagreeable and unseemly excrescences, termed 'agnails,' may be entirely prevented by frequent lavation in suds formed by using Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap with tepid water; but to render the cure effectual (especially in aggravated cases) two things are necessary, namely, to wash frequently, and to be particularly careful to use no other soap than the medicated article prepared by Dr. Gouraud. And here it would be as well to remark, that too little attention to the ingredients composing the various saponaceous compounds is paid by the public generally. Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact, that the majority of so-called 'Toilet Soaps' are, from the quantity of potashes they contain, highly injurious, and, in very many instances, positively poisonous to the human cuticle.

(*To be continued.*)

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Wedged in a cambric needle's eye."

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N. B.—You will also find at Pfaff's the best German, French, Italian, English, and American papers.

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

From the *Scientific American*, New York:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—We have received several samples of prepared liquid glue, put up in small bottles, by Mr. H. C. Spalding, 30 Platt street, New York, and have tried it in mending old furniture. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and deserves to be kept constantly on hand in every household. It is also a convenient article for pattern-makers and inventors in constructing and repairing their models.

From the *Calendar*, Hartford, Conn.:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—This article is the best preparation we have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered veneers, furniture, etc., where glue is required, and is so chemically prepared as to be always ready for use.

From the *Ladies' Visitor*, New York:

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR.

NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1860.

WOMAN IN THE KITCHEN.

Archbishop Hughes is out with the old notion that every woman should be a cook.

A favorite notion, this, with his order and his sex, and about as sensible a one as that every man should be a butcher.

But the *Express* comes to the support of the distinguished prelate, on the ground that "the only way to be queen over a husband's heart, is to know how to be his cook."

"The philosophy of this is clear, if not self-evident," says the *Express*. How so? Why, because "bad bread, bad meat, bad food, destroys the stomachs of husbands, and the brain and the stomach have nervous connections so intimate that it is almost impossible to have a well-balanced head with a badly-supplied stomach."

Observe that the effect of bad food on the *wife* is not alluded to,—in fact, is not of importance enough to be alluded to; it is the *husband* alone who is to be cared for.

The only reason why the wife should be a good cook is that the husband may have a good dinner, and thus have a 'well-balanced head'!

Whether the wife's head is 'well-balanced' or not is of no consequence.

Her sole duty in life is to look after her husband's head, which, according to the *Express*, she can do best by looking after his stomach.

O how proud we should be, if we were a woman, to become the wife of a man entertaining such noble sentiments! And with what delight we should devote ourselves to the duties of the kitchen, in order that he might have a 'well-balanced head'!

Think of a 'well-balanced head' in the *Express* office!

What splendid 'Third Editions' we should then have!

But, alas! if the logic of the *Express* be sound, the editors of that anything but festive sheet must be the worst fed men in the country: and it occurs to us, just now, that the *Herald* intimated as much, years ago.

We don't wonder, then, that the *Express* should endorse the doctrine that every woman should be a cook.

But, speaking seriously, no more silly doctrine was ever broached, even by an Archbishop.

The truth is that there is no occasion for one woman in ten to be a cook, and the chief reason why men take any other view of the case is that they may keep woman in what is called her 'peculiar sphere.'

What that peculiar sphere is, no one has yet been able to determine.

Our notion is that woman's peculiar sphere is whatever field of action she finds herself best adapted to, and in which she can maintain herself, if need be, in entire independence of man.

The idea that a woman must learn to cook or to do anything else because by so doing she can best minister to the comfort of man, is utterly absurd.

She has simply to find out what occupation in life she is best fitted for—in other words, what occupation in life she would find the most enjoyment in—and pursue that.

If women should uniformly adopt this course,—treating with contempt every man, even were he an Archbishop, who should insist upon her learning to be a cook—they would soon be in a condition not only to support themselves amply, but to achieve their complete emancipation from the silly laws of society, which prescribe to them, now, as their first duty, to learn the art of administering to the pleasures of a sex which does all in its power to degrade them.

LICHEN TUFTS.*

A little, unheralded, unpretending volume, which is evidently the first production of an independent and thoughtful mind. The author has been evidently forced to rely upon nature for her companionship, and upon herself for sympathy, and these first fruits of her mental growth, immature as most first fruits are, give promise of an inherent strength and sincerity, which in time will yield a rich harvest. A heated term is not the season to indulge in learned or profound disquisitions. Lying on the grass, enjoying the sunshine and the flowers, seems the most appropriate way of entering into sympathetic relations with nature during the Summer months. We do not want to have "The Perfection of the Natural" proved to us, while the grass is green about us, and the trees wave happy in the Summer air. To those who love to find the author in a book, these prose-essays will commend themselves. They bear the impress of an earnest and inquiring spirit, which has already learned the difficult lesson of self-possession and peace, and the gain of these is the success of life.

* Lichen Tufts, from the Alleghanies, by Elizabeth C. Wright. New York: M. Doolady. 1860.

A DISCOVERY.

If it was neither Mr. Tupper, of proverbial renown, nor Mr. Everett of the *Ledger*, perhaps it was Capt. Jack Bunsby of the 'Cautious Clara,' who once profoundly remarked that 'variety is the spice of life,' But whoever said it, said truly. It is. For if men and women and folks generally, including the Zouaves and the Horse-Marines, were not all the time doing queer, extraordinary, fantastic, and ludicrous things, there is a strong probability that this world would become very stupid, and be speedily given over to 'Proverbial Philosophy' and 'Mount Vernon Papers.'

Which would be very bad for this world.

As it is, however, the antics preserve us. The queer people are about. The queer things are said and done. There is always real vigor of thought somewhere. The 'whirligig of time' goes round. Something is always going on in the world, and so life gets its requisite spice of variety, and nothing stagnates—except Boston, which does so on principle.

In the way of originality we have recently made a discovery. We believe it is Mr. N. P. Willis who claims 'the honor' of having 'discovered' the illustrious Tupper. So far as known, the possession of that 'honor' has never been grudged by anybody to the Apostle of Idlewild. Unchallenged and untroubled he keeps the laurels. 'He won them well, and may he wear them long.' But we now celebrate a far greater discovery; and from this time forth we claim to ourselves, our heirs, administrators and assigns, forever, an honor yet more peculiar and splendid—that of having discovered Dr. James Henry.

Dr. Henry is an English poet, whose books, entitled respectively "A Half Year's Poems" and "Poems Chiefly Philosophical," were published at Dresden, by Messrs. C. C. Meinhold & Sons—the former in 1854, the latter in 1856.

We have read these books with intense interest and delight. They reflect what is very rare in life or in literature, a great, original genius and intellect. They are full of poetic thought and feeling; full of pathos, wit, and humor; pervaded throughout with the serene atmosphere of the philosophic mind. They have all that is charming in the playfulness of fancy, all that is delicate in the grace of style, all that is delicious in the soft atmosphere of romance. They deserve admiration, and what they deserve they command. We approve them heartily and thoroughly; and it is with no ordinary feeling that we hail Dr. Henry as one of the great and true poets of this century. We are not sure that he is not the greatest of them all.

This is claiming a good deal for our favorite; but we do not think it is claiming too much. The poems reflect the man. They are everywhere the clear, full, unrestrained utterances of an original nature. Everywhere they astonish with their strength and dazzle with their beauty. A lofty imagination, a profound and accurate insight, an emotional organization exquisitely sensitive to every influence, a fresh, free, vigorous intellect, a keen and active fancy, a noble poetic passion, a serene poetic calm, a philosophy broad as the sweep of intellect and universal as nature,—these are the qualities they reflect, and these are eminently the qualities of the great Poet.

Such is our general estimate of Dr. Henry. As to its justice our readers will do well to consider for themselves. In this brief notice we chiefly desire to call attention to an author who, in this country at least, must be very generally unknown. At another time we may have the pleasure of reviewing his works. Meanwhile we submit the following extracts,—from 'Poems Chiefly Philosophical,'—which, however insufficient, explain their author, commend themselves by their intrinsic beauty and power of poetic genius:

THE GATES OF SLEEP.

There are two gates of Sleep, the poet says;
Of polished ivory one, of horn the other;
But I, besides these gates, to blessed Sleep
Three other gates have found which thus I count:
First the star-spangled arch of deep midnight,
When labor ceases, every sound is hushed,
And Nature, drowsy, nods upon her throne.
Pale-visaged Spectres round this gate keep watch,
And Fears and Horrors vain, and beyond these
Rest, balmy Sweat, and dim Forgetfulness,
Relieved, at dawn of day, by buoyant Hope,
Fresh strength and ruddy Health and calm Composure
And daring Enterprise and Self-reliance.

The second gate is wreathed, sideposts and lintel,
With odorous trailing hop, and poppystalks;
The shadowy gateway paved with poppyheads.
And there, all day and night, keeps watch sick Fancy
Haggard and trembling, and delirium wild,
And Impotence with drunken glistening eye,
And Idiocy, and, in the background, Death.

The third gate is of lead, and there sits ever
Humming her tedious tune Monotony,
Tired of herself; about her on the ground
Sermons and psalms and hymns lie numerous strewed,
To the same import all, and all almost
In the same words varied in form and order
To cheat, if possible, the weary sense,
And different seem, where difference is none.
At th' opposite doorpost, on her knees, Routine
Keeps turning over still the well-thumbed leaves
Of the same prayer-book; reading prayers, not praying;
Behind them waiting stand Conformity
And Uniformity, Oneness of faith,
Oneness of laws and customs, arts and manners,
And, Selfdevelopment's unrelenting foe,
Centralization; and behind these still,
Far in the portals deepest gloom ensconced,
A perfect, unimprovable Paradise
Of mere, blank nought unchangeable forever—
These as *I* count them are the Gates of Sleep.

PARWEGGIO, in the Italian Tyrol, July 30, 1854.

Ten broad steps there 's to my ladder,
Five on one side, five on th' other;
On one side I mount my ladder,
And come down it on the other.

On the first step sits a mother
Rocking with her foot a cradle;
Listen and you'll her singing
'Hush-a baby, baby hush-a.'

On the second my heart trembles
To see seated a schoolmaster
Slapping learning with a long cane
Into a refract'ry pupil.

On the third step Alma Mater,
Standing in the midst of doctors,
Puts a red gown on the shoulders
Of a young man learned and modest.

On the fourth step the same young man
Puts a gold ring on the finger
Of an—angel is't or goddess?
Kneeling by him at the altar.

On the top step sits a father
In the evening by the fireside,
Children round his knees are playing,
Mother's washing up the tea-things.

On the first step down my ladder
Sit a gentleman and lady,
Both with spectacles, and reading
He the news, she Mrs. Trollope.

On the second step down, a lady
And a gentleman sit trying
At the mirror, he a brown scratch,
She a ghastly row of white teeth.

On the third step down, a wrinkled
Withered granny knitting socks sits,
And a palsied old man shakes out
His pipe's ashes on the table.

On the fourth step down, two armchairs,
On each side the fire, stand empty;
On two tables at two bedsides
Labelled phials strewed about lie.

On the last step down, two sextons
Side by side two graves are sodding;
Listen and you 'll hear them clapping
The soft hillocks with their shovels.

Ye that haven't yet seen my ladder,
Come look at it where it stands there
With its five up steps in sunlight,
And its five steps down, in shadow.

Walking from FALKAU to TRYBERG in the BLACK FOREST (Baden), October 8—9, 1854.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

It has long been a source of great regret to the Alumni of Harvard College, that its professors seem never to recognize the position which the college should take as the oldest corporation in the country, at the head of the best culture and the leader of the intelligence of the United States.

This is particularly the case with those sons of their Alma Mater whose lives are fortunately passed away from the blinding and narrowing influence of Boston respectability.

For such we speak truly when we say, that it is a sad thing to see the dignity and influence of Harvard perverted by those entrusted with the care of her interests to the little purposes of their own selfish agrandisement and the display of their mutual admiration.

The system of suspicion and surveillance, which Mr. Everett during his unsuccessful presidency inaugurated, which he displayed by recuscitating the obsolete and forgotten laws now printed in the book the students call their College Bible, by withdrawing the free use of the library from the students under the plea that their honesty could not be trusted, by insulting their esprit de corps in the introduction for the first time on record of a policeman in the college grounds, and then on class-day, a day peculiarly the students' own, by the want of confidence in the gentlemanly culture and self-respect of the undergraduates, which Mr. Everett has always displayed in all of his relations with young men, has been pursued by the college-government ever since.

Last Winter it came very near causing the death of a student at the hands of a policeman, who was in the employ of the Faculty, and was known by them to be armed when they employed him.

It is well that parents should understand the truth, if it is the truth, that the Faculty of Harvard College have employed, and do still employ, armed men to enforce their rule. That policemen have been introduced as a new element of college-discipline, and a pistol-bullet is relied upon as the 'ultima ratio' in the college government.

The Faculty profess to stand in loco parentis; in the father's absence they profess to assume his place; but we question if any father could justify to himself the use of fire-arms in enforcing his authority. A man who did so, would thereby give the best proof of his unfitness for his position, and why not the Faculty of a college?

The fact is that young men are the same as men in general.

Treat them decently and they will behave so.

The best way to make young men, or old, respect and obey those in authority, is for those in authority to make themselves worthy of respect and obedience.

He who is manly and honest in his behavior to men, calls out their manliness and honesty in return. He who is petty, suspicious, small-minded, distrustful, and domineering, is sure to meet with resistance.

This is particularly so in the government of young men, for the instincts of youth are always generous and true.

The public mind of Boston is thinking now of such things.

We print in another column President Felton's reply to a communication, reprinted by us last week, from the *Boston Transcript*.

The President knows that his inauguration was postponed until the day after Commencement, because the class of 1860 had been gratuitously insulted by the Faculty, and had therefore resolved to leave Cambridge in a body upon inauguration-day, and take no part in any of the ceremonies.

The gratulatory oration in Latin, which by courtesy and usage belonged to the Senior Class, had been given to a Junior, and when the Faculty found that the class of 1860 would have nothing to do with the exercises of inauguration, they put off the day until after Commencement, when that class should have graduated, and the Juniors could be called Seniors.

The Faculty had not manliness enough to apologize to the class of 1860 for the slight they had put upon them, and by a trick of management they influenced the Committee of the Alumni to aid them in escaping from the mortification of an inauguration in which the Seniors should take no part.

President Felton himself knows that he was chiefly instrumental in arranging this ingenious but disreputable trick; and he knows, however he may deny it, that the class of 1860 leave Cambridge without any feeling of confidence or respect for himself or the Faculty.

Why will not the Society of the Alumni, in their triannual meeting this year, express, by a vote of censure upon their Committee, their sympathy with the class of 1860, and their disapprobation of the behavior of the Faculty? It will require either this, or a motion before the Massachusetts House of Representatives, that Harvard College has forfeited its charter, by becoming false to its trusts, to call such attention to the College as will force the Government to repudiate the petty system of espionage which now characterizes its behavior towards the undergraduates, and which is doing more harm to their Alma Mater than the Alumni are aware of.

If, as President Felton says, "confidence in their honor, trust in their word, reliance upon their gentlemanly spirit, are the cardinal principles of the intercourse between the Faculty and the students," there would never be any chance of a disagreement between them.

But when it is known that the Faculty keep a 'black book' in which suspicions and inuendoes are entered anonymously by any member of the Faculty against any student, and are used against him if occasion should arise, President Felton's assertion loses all its force.

It is a small matter that this professor or that should lose his hold upon the funds of Harvard College, while it is a very sad thing for the interests of education and culture in this country, that Harvard College should be degraded to an advanced primary school, its professors playing the dignified part of beadles, and its young men rebelling against being treated as little children.

NEW YORKERS.

The Boston *Transcript* says that a New Yorker, "a real New Yorker"—meaning thereby a New Yorker as is a New Yorker, and not one raised in Hull, or Portsmouth, or Boston—"cannot thrive under ordinary "conditions either of the body politic or of any of the "multifarious enterprises which the genius, thrift, or "enterprise of men lead them to undertake."

A Bostoner can thrive under any conditions. Given Faneuil Hall, the Common, the Frog Pond, and Mr. Everett, and he is contented.

"But," says the *Transcript*, "novelty is the desideratum of New York Life; the people crave excitement at whatever cost."

And the *Transcript*, for once, is right.

It is for this reason that the New Yorker prefers New York to Boston, or Salem, or Portland, or even Hull.

It is for this reason that the Japanese, the *Great Eastern*, the Zouaves, and all other lions have the same preference.

It is for this reason that the *Transcript* couldn't live in New York a week.

It is for this reason, finally, that New York is such a big city, and that it excites so much envy and uncharitableness on the part of its sister cities—and especially Boston, which is such a quiet little place, that it always reminds us of an inscription we once saw on the Canal d'Ourck, near Paris—'Here may be found tranquillity and fish in abundance.'

Now we have no objection to the 'tranquillity' of Boston, and rather like its 'fish;' moreover, in our love of novelty and excitement we are pleased, also, to see, now and then, a Bostonian, who, as 'Personne' would say, is always 'a good thing to do.' Why then can't our Boston friends be equally tolerant, instead of always persecuting us and hurting our feelings, after the manner of the *Transcript*, just because we happen to be not only excitable, but big and good natured?

We appeal, now, to our Boston friends to be more magnanimous. In fact if they'll only let up on us a little, we'll let them see the Prince of Wales; if not we shall have to send 'Heenan the Hittite' after them.

THE UNIVERSAL LETTER-WRITER.

It is good now and then to find a man of such an all-embracing nature that he takes an interest in, and is ever ready to write about, every subject of human concern. New York fortunately possesses such a man in Dr. Francis, whose versatility is equalled only by his—well, by his modesty. We are delighted to find by the following letter that the venerable doctor appreciates the patriotic services of Mr. Wilkes, 'in behalf of the Turf, the Field, and upon the Waters (*sic*):'

NEW YORK, July 2, 1860.

TO MESSRS. TURNER, IRVING MOORE, CONNER, AND PHILIPS.—*Gentlemen*: I have duly received your kind invitation to be of the guests who are to give a complimentary banquet to Mr. Wilkes, upon his return from Europe, for his patriotic services in behalf of the interests of the Turf, the Field, and upon the Waters. The talents of that remarkable and able writer were never more wisely bestowed than on those occasions which have so recently demanded his energetic powers. I most deeply regret my inability to be of the chosen friends who purpose honoring the occasion you have specified. I have recently suffered much in health, and I, moreover, have closely denied myself any participation in festivities of every sort since the direful calamity I sustained in the loss of my precious son. I cannot muster resolution to appear at any entertainments while agonized at my irreparable loss. I have returned the ticket with grateful considerations, and I beg you to be assured of my desire that your generous measures in behalf of Mr. Wilkes may be fully responded to by your chosen guests. While I ask you in return to communicate to Mr. Wilkes my best regards and considerations, I remain, gentlemen, your friend and obedient servant,

JOHN W. FRANCIS.

Literary Notes.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields publish this week 'Currents and Counter-currents in Medical Science, an Address delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society, at the annual meeting, May 30, 1860, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D.' The same firm issue to-day 'Memorials of Thomas Hood, collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter, with a Preface and Notes by his Son; illustrated with copies from his own Sketches.'

Count Gurowski's long expected work, 'Slavery in History,' will be published on the 25th instant by Mr. A. B. Burdick of this city.

Mr. Bigelow, one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, is said to be preparing for publication a book of travels.

Fitz Edward Hall, Esq., a native of Troy, N. Y., and a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1846, has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, from the University of Oxford. He has passed a dozen years in India, and has become highly distinguished as an oriental scholar. He has held several posts of honor in India, as Professor in the University of Benares, and he still holds the position of Inspector of Schools for the immense district of Saugor.

— A new work by Marion Harland, entitled Nemesis, is in the press of Derby & Jackson. 'Marion Harland,' it is well-known, is the nom de plume of a lady of New Jersey, the wife of a clergyman. The coming book is a tale of Southern life.

— Mr. Ingersoll, a lawyer of Philadelphia, has written, and is about to publish, a book of extraordinary interest—'Recollections, Historical, Political, Biographical, and Social'—presenting portraitures of the men of the Revolution and of personages of this country from 1792 downwards.

— Messrs. Derby & Jackson have in press another novel, by a lady of Kentucky, entitled the 'Household of Bouverie.'

— George Augustus Sala says, 'The London correspondence of the American Press is, almost without an exception, a farrago of the paltriest gossip mingled with the foulest lies.'

— The third in the series of Mr. Olmsted's works on the condition of the Slave States, is passing through the press of the Masons, and will be published shortly. A former work of Mr. Olmsted's on this subject, treated of the Seaboard Slave States, and a second of Texas. The forthcoming volume is devoted to a consideration of the social and political condition of the Back country, or the inland portion of the States in which slavery exists.

— The war of the Dictionaries has taken a new form. In view of the criticism to the disparagement of Webster, the publishers of that work have instituted a comparison, by actual count, between the number of words in Worcester and Webster, respectively. According to their showing, there are 140,056 words in Webster, and 132,406 in Worcester; being a difference of 7,650 in favor of the former. Not content with this, the number of ems of printed matter in both works have been measured, with the following result: Webster, 14,747,352; Worcester, 13,273,532. Those who are partial to statistics will be edified by this information, the publication of which does not in the least affect the question of the comparative value of the two Dictionaries.

— Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is said to have gone back to his wife, and Mr. N. P. Willis to have found the Church. We trust they will both have a good time of it.

— Messrs. Strickland & Co., Milwaukee, are about to issue a periodical to be called *The Milwaukee Monthly Bookseller*. The character it will probably sustain may be inferred from the fact that the publishers call upon the trade to send them "any printed documents such "as notices, *puffs*, extracts, announcements, etc., and "they shall receive prompt attention."

— The following brief passage on lichens from the new volume of Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' gives us a smack of its quality:

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to it. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yards, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave. Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the Autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the wearing of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them slow-pencilled iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departed Spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and Summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold,—far above among the mountains the silver lichen-spots rests, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange-stain upon the edge of yonder Western peak, reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

— A poet, who joined in the celebration of the National Anniversary at South Hadley, Mass., thus glowingly apostrophised the noble river that rolls by the walls of that ancient town:

"Roll on, blest Connecticut,
As long thou hast ran,
Bringing shad to South Hadley,
And freedom to man!"

—*Chambers's Journal* is about to publish a new serial tale by Capt. Mayne Reid, entitled 'The Wild Huntress.'

— A sheet of tissue-paper has been exhibited at Colyton, Devonshire, measuring in length four miles, and in breadth six feet three inches. The weight of it is but 196 lbs. It was manufactured in twelve hours.

— The long talked-of rival to *Punch* was announced to appear positively on the 7th instant, under the title of *The British Lion*.

— A new work 'On the Treatment of Patients after Surgical Operations,' by Mr. James Paget, F.R.S., Surgeon Extraordinary to the Queen, and Assistant Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, is announced by the Messrs. Longman.

— Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald announce the 'Life, Confession, Letters of Courtship, and Execution of the Rev. J. S. Harden.'

— *Harper's Magazine* for August, now nearly ready, contains among other articles: To Red River and beyond, by Manton Marble; John Bull in Japan, by A. H. Guernsey; The Battle of Bennington, by Thomas Dunn English; Before Breakfast, by Rose Terry; The Cruise of the Two Deacons, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; Jo Daviess of Kentucky, by R. F. Coleman; etc., etc.

— The Harpers have nearly ready for issue: Italy in Transition, by Wm. Arthur; The Woman in White, by Wilkie Collins; Studies in animal Life, by G. H. Lewes; The Queens of Society, by Grace and Philip Wharton; Rosa or the Parisian Girl; The Lake Regions of Central Africa, by Captain Burton.

— The Rev. Henry Wood, in his last letter to the *Journal of Commerce* from Japan, states that economy is a great virtue among the Japanese, to encourage which a strip of fish-skin is sent with every letter from an official, whatever the subject, to remind the receiver that their ancestors were once poor fishermen, and therefore all their descendants should not be ashamed of industry and economy. He adds—"Two of these singular and instructive mementoes have accompanied letters sent even to me, which might teach no needless lesson if attached to a pole and carried through Wall street, Broadway, and several New York avenues, to say nothing of half a dozen other places."

Cornelius C. Felton was on Thursday inaugurated President of Harvard College. The exercises took place in the First Congregational Church, the galleries of which were thronged with ladies, long before the exercises commenced. The procession from Gore Hall filled the body of the house. Gov. Banks made the address of induction, to which Mr. Felton responded, and then took the chair of the President. The annual address before the Alumni, by Rev. Dr. Osgood, of New York, closed the exercises.

The fine verse of the Oriental bard, Ibn ul Mutazz, in vindication of chess, has been thus translated:

O thou whose cynic sneers express,
The censure of our favorite chess,
Know that its skill is Science's self,
Its play distraction from distress.
It soothes the anxious lover's care;
It weans the drunkard from excess;
It counsels warriors in their art,
When dangers threat and perils press;
And yields us, when we need them most,
Companions in our loneliness."

The literary scandal excited at Paris by Madame George Sands' quite unprovoked attempt to carry out Emerson's theory of genius, and 'grind up her friends for paint,' bids fair to become a very war of Troy for tediousness. It began with Madame Sands' romance of *Elle et Lui*, in which she drew, under the very thinnest disguise, a most unflattering portrait of Alfred de Musset, then hardly cold in his premature grave. Paul de Musset, the accomplished brother of the deceased poet, perfectly familiar with the secret history of Alfred's relations with the authoress of *Indiana*, took upon himself the fraternal duty of relating that history in quite another light. His work entitled *Lui et Elle* is a marvel of keen, concentrated, and sustained indignation, altogether merciless in its analysis of the heroine's character and career. This fraternal vindication was rapidly followed up by another defence of Alfred de Musset, from the pen of a distinguished female writer. In her novel of *Lui*, Mme. Louis Colet has fully rivalled Mme. Sands' own power of passionate description, and deals so unreservedly with the egotistical side of that lady's nature, as almost to move the reader's compassion towards a selfishness so mercilessly scourged. These blows took effect, and in the preface to her latest novel, *Jean de La Roche*, Madame Sand takes occasion to protest rather scornfully against the tremendous inquisition which has been instituted into her past experience. The whole battle may now be presumed to have been fought out, and M. de Lesaire accordingly undertakes the task of historian, and sums up its record and its merits in a critical work, *L'Histoire d'un Scandale*, which is not the least interesting contribution to letters made by this most miserable quarrel.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE GRADUATING CLASS AT CAMBRIDGE.

The *Cambridge Review* has a long and unique ... which contains many curious statistics of the graduating class of Harvard College. We are assured by ... of the members that the facts have been prepared with great care, and no pains were spared to make the summary accurate. At the beginning of the sophomore year the number was 130, of the junior year 114, and of the senior year 107—106 of whom will receive degrees; of the original class in 1856, three have died. The aggregate age of the class, 2260 years 5 months; the average age at the time of graduation will be 21 years 3.9 months. The oldest man is 31 years of age; the youngest, 18 years 6 months; there are 32 over 22 years of age, 57 between 20 and 22, and 17 under 20. —*Boston Transcript.*

The united weight of the class is 15,121 pounds; the average weight 142½ pounds. If this weight seems light, it may be well to remark that it has in all cases been taken in gymnasium dress, and with the boating-men when training. Moreover, in June, the average weight of men is ten or fifteen pounds less than in December. The united height of the class is 597 feet; the average height is 5 feet 7.6 inches. This average has been obtained from careful measurements,—many of them taken at the gymnasium. If it seems low it may be well to say that it has always been measured in stocking-feet, and an allowance of one inch at least must be made for boots. The tallest man in the class is 6 feet 1.5 inches. The shortest, 5 feet 2.5 inches. The heaviest man weighs 224 pounds. The lightest, 106 pounds. There are 23 who measure 5 feet 10 or over, and 20 who measure 5 feet 5 inches or under. 24 members of the class are actually near-sighted, and wear glasses more or less concave. 78 come from Massachusetts, 6 from other New England States, 9 from the Middle States, 7 from the Western, 5 from the Southern, and 1 from Oahu, S. I.

The religious persuasions of the class will appear by the following table:

		Church members
Unitarians and Universalists	57	7
Episcopalians	17	2
Orthodox Congregationalists	14	10
Baptists	9	7
Methodists	3	1
Spiritualists	3	2
Swedenborgian	2	0
Dutch Reformed	1	0
	106	29

The Unitarians number 58; the Trinitarians 48. One of the Spiritualists is a Unitarian church member, and another a Congregationalist; the third is not a member of any church.

Some curiosity has been expressed with regard to the proportion of students who smoke and drink to those who do not. A census of the graduating class has been made, with the following results: Whole number 106. Smoke, 60; do not, 46. Drink, 78; do not, 28. Drink and do not smoke, 20. Smoke and do not drink, 2. Both drink and smoke, 58. Neither drink nor smoke, 26. Those men are reckoned among smokers who have made it a habit during the whole or a part of their college course, and no allowance has been made in favor of those who are at present laboring under a temporary fit of abstinence. Among drinkers are ranked such persons as could not conscientiously join the Temperance Society. It speaks well for the temperate habits of the class to notice in connection with these figures, that June 22, 1860, is the first class-day within the memory of the oldest inhabitant on which there has been no intoxication.

The politics of the class is as follows: Democrats 9, Union 23, Republicans 74. The number of men who will vote at the next Presidential election is 69. Democrats 6, Union 13, Republicans 50.

The occupations which the members of the class propose to pursue are various. There will be 36 lawyers, 13 ministers, 12 doctors, 19 business men, 6 teachers, 1 chemist, 1 engineer, 1 architect, 1 artist, and the remaining 16 are undecided. Of the thirteen ministers, 4 will be Unitarian, 3 Orthodox, 3 Baptist, 1 Methodist, and 2 Episcopalian. Several will become missionaries. Not merely merchants, but planters, farmers, and miners are included under business men. Among those who are set down as teachers, there are some who do not intend to make it a permanent pursuit, but will eventually take up one of the professions. The number of professional men then, counting teachers, will be 67. Perhaps it will be as much in point to state under future occupations as anywhere else, that previous to Class Day five members of the class were engaged. Beyond this we seek not to penetrate the veil.

VOL. III.—NO. 29. THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS. JULY 21, 1860.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

There is a daily paper published in this city, General, called *The World.*

You may have seen it.

It is a very peculiar sheet.

Like Mr. Crammond's book of 'Poems,' it is dedicated (*without* permission) to God.

Its sole stock in trade is Religion.

In place of a Dramatic column, it publishes a report of the Fulton Street Daily Prayer Meeting—usually a very cheerful article, as you may suppose.

It looks upon Theatres as Synagogues of Satan; but as all rules must have an exception, it excepts, of all Theatres in the world, Barnum's!

Barnum's theatre (called, for devout and other reasons, Museum) is *not* a Synagogue of Satan.

In the eye of *The World*, it evidently ranks as a church.

Such nice people go there especially Wednesday and Saturday afternoons!

And all to follow the Lamb wolf-fashion, perhaps, but still to follow the Lamb.

Besides, Barnum, like N. P. Willis, is said to have got religion.

What on earth either of them mean to do with it, is another matter.

Now I never went to Barnum's but once in my life, and then, to tell the truth, its high moral and religious character did *not* particularly strike me.

Au contraire.

But as it is the only Theatre advertised in *The World*, and as moreover it advertises itself as 'A Pleasant Moral and Amusing Resort, free from all Evil Tendencies and Influences,' who knows but I may be wrong? —let the place, at any rate, have the benefit of a doubt.

But seriously, my dear General, think of a newspaper in this sixtieth year of the nineteenth century—and a metropolitan newspaper at that—quietly assuming that theatres are wicked places, and actors children of the Devil.

I don't mind the incredible blunder of excepting Barnum's, but call your attention to the general fact.

Now you and I have been familiar with theatres and theatre-goers, as well as with actors and actresses, from 'time immaterial,' and know very well that all this talk against them in religious circles is mere rant.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows saw this some time ago, and preached a discourse about it, which I am told (for I never read it) is a big thing.

It was a discourse in elaborate defence of the Theatre, and doubtless brought down upon the head of the author a great deal of pious wrath.

Our friend Aminidab must have been greatly excited about it.

But I am afraid, General, that the Church needs defending quite as much as the Theatre; and while this is the case, any defence of the Theatre from clerical hands strikes me as rather ludicrous.

I make bold to say, General, that taken as a body I don't know a set of better fellows, in every respect, than our actors, nor a more agreeable set to associate with.

They have their vices like all of us, but even *they* 'lean to virtue's side.'

Meanwhile, it is something to know there is no cant among them—social or religious—and that they are very rarely mean.

I furthermore make bold to say, General, that the moral influence of our theatres is invariably good.

A play that should inculcate immorality of any kind would instantly be hissed off the stage.

In fact there is nothing our theatre-goers applaud more uniformly than what is called a 'good moral sentiment.'

It brings down the house at once, especially in the Bowery.

I don't know why I say all this just now, unless it is because a wretched little tradesman bothered me yesterday with a long harangue about *The World* newspaper, which he said ought to be encouraged because it was on the side of virtue, and wouldn't have anything to do with the theatres.

Bah!

[It w]ould report a crim. con. case, or a prize-fight, [but w]ouldn't report a new play, because that forsooth [wo]uld be immoral!

Having now disposed of *The World*—and a very wicked world it is, my masters—I have left myself hardly time or space to say anything about the theatres.

The Florences, the Gales, the Nelsons, Mrs. Wood (there's no coupling her with anybody), Dolly Davenport, Jo Jefferson, Agnes Robertson, Mr. Blake, and I don't know who else, have had benefits.

In fact, we have had nothing but benefits all the week, and I hope the beneficiaries feel better for it.

Col. Davenport does, I know, for he had such a full house that he has been crazy ever since to know what to do with the money.

I wonder if he wouldn't like to be a P. B. to something. If so, I know of somebody who will give him a chance.

What was done at all these benefits, and how it was done, as well as why, etc., I can't stop to say; suffice it that despite *The World*, which would fain have one believe that it thinks of nothing but 'the Lord and all his benefits,' the houses were generally full, and everything went off, except on the Nelson-night, to everybody's satisfaction, and we were all glad when it was over.

The Beneficiaries, at last accounts, were getting along as well as could be expected.

The doings on foot for next week are pretty much as follows: Jefferson brings out *The American Cousin*, with nearly the original cast; Nixon tries Aladdin for a week; the Ravels take a shy at the Winter Garden; Florence does all he can in Toodles; and the Bowery folks, as usual, do all sorts of things.

After next week Nixon falls back on his horses, which are now tramping through Connecticut under the partial jockeyship of Barnum, who can straddle more horses at a time than any man in the country, and recover the soonest from a broken head.

The prospect of Zoyara coming back has made several of Brown's young men quite idiotic.

What with her (if it is a 'her') and the Gale Sisters, who are growing more and more in public favor every day, and deservedly so—Nixon is sure of pretty full houses.

But the Hanlons would settle that, any way.

Laura Keene has issued a Bulletin announcing her return early in August, and promising to reopen in September.

Good!

Mr. Ullman has gone to Europe to make arrangements for the Fall and Winter campaign.

Mr. Wallack issues a card, 'for the information of those whom it may concern,' to the effect that he will open his theatre for the Fall and Winter season about the usual time, and that he has not the slightest intention of giving up future management.

This being my best bit of news, General, I may as well close here, which I beg to do, with the usual assurances of respect.

QUELQU'UN.

— We understand that the Prince of Wales and retinue will visit Boston some time in the month of September next. He comes this way at the invitation of Harvard University, to pay a visit to that institution. President Felton will proceed to Montreal in a few weeks to pay his respects to the Prince. As he will probably accept the proffered hospitalities of the city of Boston, we trust that ample arrangements will be made for his entertainment.—*Boston Courier.*

— A series of photographs of the solar eclipse were taken on Wednesday by L. M. Rutherford, at his private observatory in this city. The photographs show not only the phases of the eclipse, but also the solar spots. They are published by Messrs. Rintoul & Rockwood, 8[illegible] Broadway.

THE OPERA OF 'SEMIRAMIS.'

The Government is expending a great deal of money on the Grand Opera. The opera 'Semiramis,' in which the two sisters Marchisio are to make their appearance, will be gotten up in a style of magnificence such as has never been seen before, even here, where we have witnessed more than one folly in the way of operatic decoration. All books, all medals, all engravings, all drawings on Babylon have been consulted and analysed, and Mons. Flandrin, who visited these countries on a mission given by the Government, has been appointed inspector of the scene-painters. Consequently we shall have as faithful a representation of [Bab]ylon as it is possible to obtain. The scenery of the [first a]ct represents Babylon as it was in 1916 B. C., that is, in all its splendor—a splendor by the side of which Martin's most extravagant pictures and Piranesi's most extravagant architectural dreams seem tame and commonplace and dwarfed. Another decoration, which is not less poetical and not less immense than the scenery of the first act, is a representation of the hanging gardens of Babylon. The decoration of the third act represents a crypt which seems of infinite extent, and which the scene-painters have attempted to make as gloomy and terrible as possible—this is the burial-place of the Assyrian Kings. Ninus's tomb will likewise produce a great effect. Ninus's ghost will appear at the summit of a gigantic staircase reaching heaven, and lighted by the most fantastic fires of modern pyrotechny. The costumes will be accurate and of unheard-of splendor. The recitatives added to the score are by M. Carafa. Strange to say, it has been impossible to find a complete score of the opera. When Rosini composed it there was no such thing as musical engraving in Italy. The copyist of the theatre copied the scores for other theatres, and usually made a great deal more money by copying the scores than the composer made by writing them!—as is still the case in the United States, where copyists get a great deal more from copying plays than the author dreams of receiving. The copies of opera-scores made by those mechanics of ink were extremely incorrect and generally very incomplete; as most theatres had very small orchestras they usually purchased only the score of the instruments found in their orchestra. The quatuor of stringed instruments was always complete, and more attentively copied than the rest, which was copied as God pleased. Rossini recently told one of his friends that the Italian opera here had not, and consequently never played, the opera as he wrote it. The Grand Opera has made every possible research to procure a correct score; its agents have examined the libraries of the best Italian opera-houses, and the score it has obtained is believed to be nearly perfect. Galli, a famous singer in his day, 'created' the leading masculine part; he was so much overcome by emotion that he sang constantly in too high a key; he was conscious of it, but he could not avoid it. Rossini was on the stage; but when the curtain fell Galli dared not go near him: Rossini saw his embarrassment, and running up to him with open arms, exclaimed: 'Veni porco! give us a hug! you've sung magnificently false this evening!' The first allegro of the overture is a masterpiece overflowing with gaiety, youth, fire, and joy. Rossini has taken the motive of this allegro for the funeral march he has composed for his interment! His idea is, he is in the coffin, but sensible; he recalls his brilliant youth, he takes the most admired work of that period of his life, he veils it with crape, and turns it into a dead march, as if he'd make his youth weep for his death. This funeral march is of a power, a grandeur, a sadness which cannot be expressed; the auditor seems to hear all the great operas, the composer's immortal daughters, clad in thick black and wailing their father's departure from life. The idea seems at first of indecent levity; but when it is explained doesn't it appear poetical, and beautiful, and appropriate? Great embarrassment was felt about the music for the dancing, as there was none in the original score, and Rossini would not write any now, and as the Grand Opera was averse from interloping any music foreign to the original score. However, by dint of patient researches the score of a cantata was found written by Rossini for his first wife, M'lle Colbrand, in 1818, to celebrate the return of the Bourbons to Naples. This cantata was composed of dances and songs. The sisters Marchisio are said to be women of most extraordinary talents; they command at rehearsals the applause of the orchestra and their comrades. Mons. Meyerbeer, however, does not think them equal to sing his long promised L'Africane, which he offered to Mlle. Cruvelli. Speaking of her I may mention her husband, Baron Vigier, bought the other day 'Garibaldi's House' at Nice for $26,000. Garibaldi always inhabited this house when he visited his birthplace. It is on the Boulevard de l'Imperatrice.—*Cor. of the New Orleans Picayune.*

NOVELS.

BY WILLIAM L. SYMONDS.

[From an article in the Atlantic Monthly, for August, entitled "The Carnival of the Romantic."]

. . . There is probably no other class of books, with literary pretensions, that contain so little thinking, in proportion to their quantity of matter, as novels. They can scarcely be called organic productions, for they may be written and published in sections, like one of the lowest classes of animals, which have no organization, but live equally well in parts, and run off in opposite directions when cut in halves. Thoughts and books, like living creatures, have their grades, and it is only those which stand lowest in respect of intellectuality that admit of fractional existence. A finished work of the mind is so delicately adjusted and closely related, part to part, that a fracture would be fatal. Conceive of Phidias sending off from his studio at Athens his statue of Jupiter Olympus in monthly numbers,—despatching now the feet, now the legs, now the trunk, in successive pieces, now the shoulders, and at last crowning the whole with a head!

The composition of novels must be reckoned, in design at least, one of the fine arts, but in fact they belong rather to periodical than to immortal literature. They do not submit to severity of treatment, abide by no critical laws, but are the gypsies and Bohemians of literature, bringing all the savagery of wild genius into the salons of taste. Though tolerated, admired, and found to be interesting, they do not belong to the system of things, play no substantial part in the serious business of life, but, as the world moves on, give place to their successors, not having developed any principle, presented any picture, or stated any fact, in a way to suggest ideas more than social phenomena. They are not permanent, therefore, because finally only ideas, and not facts, are generally remembered; the past is known to us more, and exclusively as it becomes remote, by the conceptions of poets and philosophic historians, the myriads of events which occupied a generation being forgotten, and all the pith and meaning of them being transmitted in a stanza or a chapter. Poetry never grows old, and whatsoever masterpieces of thought always win the admiration of the enlightened; but many a novel that has been the lion of a season passes at once away, never more to be heard of here. With few exceptions, the splendid popularity that greets the best novels fades away in time slowly or rapidly. A half-century is a fatal trial for the majority; few are revived, and almost none are read, after a century: will anybody but the most curious antiquary be interested in them after one or two thousand years? Without delaying to give the full rationale of exceptions which vex this, like every other general remark, it may be added briefly that fairy stories are in their nature fantastic mythological poems, most proper to the heroic age of childhood, that historical romances may be in essence and dignity fantastic histories or epics, and that, from whatever point of view, Cervantes remains hardly less admirable than Ariosto, or the 'Bride of Lammermoor' than the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'

In the mental as in the physical world, diamonds and gems come by long elaboration. A thoughtless man may write perennially, while the result of silent meditation and a long tortured soul may be expressed in a minute. The work of the former is akin to conversation, one of the fugitive pleasures of a day; that of the latter will, perchance, be a star in the firmament of the mind. Eugène Sue and Béranger both wished to communicate their reflections on society. The former dissipated his energies in the salons, was wise and amusing over wine, exchanged learning and jests, studied the drawing-room as if it were the macrocosm, returned to his chamber, put on kid gloves, and from the odds and ends of his dishevelled wits wrote at a gallop, without ever looking back, his 'Mystères de Paris.' The latter lived in an attic year after year, contemplated with cheerful anxiety the volatile world of France and the perplexed life of man, and elaborated word by word, with innumerable revisions, his short songs, which are gems of poetry, charming at once the ear and the heart. Novels are perhaps too easily written to be of lasting value. An unpremeditated word, in which the thoughts of years are exploded, may be one of the most admirable of intellectual phenomena, but an unpremeditated volume can only be a demonstration of human weakness.

The argument thus far has been in favor of the Muses. Hellenic taste and the principles of high art ratify the condemnation passed on the novel by the æsthetic goddesses. A wider view, however, will annul the sentence, giving in its stead a warning and a lesson. If the prose romance be not Hellenic, it is nevertheless humane, and has been in honor almost universally throughout the Orient and the Occident. Its absence from the classical literature was a marvel and exception, a phenomenon of the clearest-minded and most active of races, who thought, but did not contemplate,—whose ideal-world consisted only of simple, but stately legends of bright-limbed gods and heroes. A felicitous production of high art, also, is among the rarest of exceptions, and will be till the Millennium. Myriads of comparative failures follow in the suite of a masterpiece. We have, therefore, judged the novel by an impracticable standard, by a comparison with the highest aims rather than the usual attainments of other branches of literary art. Human weakness makes poetry, philosophy, and history imperfect in execution, though they aspire to absolute beauty and truth; human weakness suggested the novel, which is imperfect in design, written as an amusement and relief, in despair of sounding the universe. A novel is in its nature and as a matter of necessity an artistic failure; it pretends to nothing higher; but under the slack laws which govern its composition, multitudes of fine and suggestive characters, incidents, and sayings may be smuggled into it, contrary to all the usages and rules of civilized literature. Hence the secret of its popularity, that it is the organ of average as distinguished from highest thought. Science and art are the goals of destiny, but rarely is there a thinker or writer who has an eye single to them. It is an heroic, self-sacrificing, and small platoon which in every age brunts Fate, and, fighting on the shadowy frontier, makes conquests from the realm of darkness. Their ideas are passed back from hand to hand, and become known in fragments and potent as tendencies among the mass of the race, who live in the circle of the attained, and travel in the routine of ages. The novelist is one of the number who half comprehend them, and borrows them from all quarters to introduce into the rich mélange of his work. To solve a social problem, to reproduce an historical age or character, or to develop the truth and poetry latent in any event, is difficult, and not many will either lead or follow a severe attempt; but the novelist will merrily chronicle his story and link with it in a thousand ways some salient reminiscences of life and thought.

What, then, is the highest excellence that the novel can attain? It is the carnival of literary art. It deals sympathetically and humorously, not philosophically and strictly, with the panorma and the principles of life. A transcript, but not a transfiguration of Nature, it assumes a thousand forms, surpassing all other books in the immense latitude left to the writer, in the wild variety of things which it may touch, but need not grasp. Its elements are the forests, the cities, and the seven ages of man,—character and fortunes how diversified! All species of thinkers and actors, of ideas and passions, all the labyrinthine complications and scenery of existence, may be illustrated in persons or introduced by the by; into whatever colors make up the phantasmagoria of collective humanity the novelist may dip his brush, in painting his moving picture. Yet problems need not be fully appreciated, nor characters or actions profoundly understood. It must be an engrossing story, but the theme and treatment are as lawless as the conversation of an evening party. The mind plays through all the realm of its knowledge and experience, and sheds sparks from all the torches of thought, as scenes and topics succeed each other. The pure forms of literature may be reminiscences present to the imagination, the germs of new truths and social arrangements may occupy the reason; but the novelist is neither practical, nor philosophical, nor artistic; he is simply in a dream; and pictures of the world and fragments of old ideas pass before him, as the sacred meanings of religion flitted about the populace in a grotesque mediæval festival of the Church. Conceive the stars dropped from their place in the apparent heavens, and playing at shuttlecock with each other and with boys, and having a heyday of careless joyousness here below, instead of remaining in sublime dignity to guide and inspire men who look up to them by night! Even such are the epic, the lyric, the drama, the history, and the philosophy, as collected together in the revelries of the novel. To state the degree of excellence possible to a style as perverse as it is entertaining, to measure the wisdom of essential folly, is difficult; and yet it may be said that the strength of the novel is in its lawlessness, which leaves the author of genius free to introduce his creations just as they occur to him, and the author of talent free to range through all books and all time, and reproduce brilliant sayings and odd characters,—which, with no other connecting thread than a story, freaks like a spirit through every shade of feeling and region of thought, from the domestic hearth to the ultimate bounds of speculative inquiry,—and which, by its daring and careless combinations of incongruous elements, exhibits a free embodiment in prose of the peculiar genius of the romantic.

And some philosophers have styled romance the special glory of Christianity. It is certainly the characteristic of critical as distinguished from organic periods, of the mind acting mystically in a savage and unknown universe, rather than of the mind that has reduced the heavens and earth to its arts and sciences. The novel, therefore, as the wildest organ of romance, is most appropriate to a time of great intellectual agitation, when intellectual men are but half-conscious of the tendencies that are setting about them, and consequently cease to propose to themselves final goals, do not attempt scrupulous art, but play jubilantly with current facts. Hence, perhaps, its popularity since the first conflicts of the Protestant Reformation, and especially since the great French Revolution, when amid new inventions and new ideas mankind has contemplatively looked for the coming events, the new historical eras, which were casting their shadows before.

When, sometime, Christian art shall become classical, and Christian ideas be developed by superior men as fairly as the Hellenic conceptions were, the novel may either assume to itself some peculiar excellency, or may cease to hold the comparative rank in literature which it enjoys at present. Then the numberless prose-romances which occupy the present generation of readers will, perhaps, be collected in some immense *corpus*, like the Byzantine historians, will be reckoned among the curiosites of literature, and will at least have the merit of making the study of antiquities easy and interesting.

There is an old couplet,—

> "Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
> Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

At the time when extemporaneous composition and thoughtless reading are much in fashion, it will not be amiss to invoke profounder studies, and slower, but more useful and permanent results. Let it be remembered that even the Divine Mind first called into being the chaos of creation, and then in seven days reviewed and elaborated it into a beautiful order.

[From the Portland Transcript.]

ROUGH POETRY.

WALT WHITMAN, the rip-roarer, the Boanerges of poetry, has again been inspired to give utterance to his swelling thoughts. He saw the Japanese in the streets of New York, and immediately went into a 'fine frenzy,' in which he shouts 'Libertad' at stated intervals, and sees a great deal more than common folks see in the moon-eyed Japanese. He sees Paradise, Confucius, Brahma, 'enveloped mysteries,' Polynesia, Confucius himself—all these, Libertad, and more, in the pageant procession. In fact, he falls into an ecstatic vision, not without a certain sweep of grandeur, but ridiculous from the rant and egotism which accompanies it. He 'raises his voice,' he shouts, he spreads himself, he stands on tiptoe, he 'chants copious,' after this fashion:—

> I too, raising my voice, bear an errand.
> I chant the World on my Western sea,
> I chant, copious, the islands beyond, thick as stars in the sky,
> I chant the new empire, grander than any before—as in a vision it comes to me;
> I chant America, the Mistress—I chant a greater supremacy,
> I chant, projected, a thousand blooming cities yet, in time, on those groups of sea-islands,
> I chant my sailships and steamships threading the archipelagoes,
> I chant my stars and stripes fluttering in the wind,
> I chant commerce opening, the sleep of ages having done its work—races reborn, refreshed,
> Lives, works resumed—The object I know not—but the old, the Asiatic, resumed, as it must be,
> Commencing from this day, surrounded by the world.

All this chanting reminds one of Mr. Sidney Dobell's windy poem in which he eternally reiterates,

> 'O the wold, the wold,
> O the wold, the wold.'

Walt Whitman is one of the roughs, a filibuster on Parnassus, recognizing no established forms, and rough-hewing his own way, to the great horror of Apollo and the Muses. He thinks himself the American poet, when he is only a sort of inspired rowdy.

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JOHN BULL IN JAPAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Japanese Artist.—Island of Pappenberg.—Japanese Ladies and Children.—Group of Horses.—Japanese Tea-Garden.—In the Bay of Jedo.—Japanese Scenery.—Travellers in a Snow-Storm.—Landing-Place at Jedo.—Japanese Horse-Shoe.—Saddle.—Sandal.—Japanese Bath.—Jedo Forts.—Fire-Ladder.—Japanese Builders.—Lord Elgin and the Prime Ministers.—Japanese Funeral.—Japanese Village.—Coopers.—Gymnastics.

THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.—A BALLAD OF VERMONT.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Map of Bennington.—John Stark.—The Battle-Ground.—Van Schaik's Mill.

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[illegible] TWO DEACONS, in Eight Chapters.

CHAPTER IV.—The other Deacon's Wife.

CHAPTER V.—A Deacon's Son and a Deacon's Daughter.

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THE FOUR GEORGES.—I. GEORGE THE FIRST. By W. M. THACKERAY.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE DOLEFUL HISTORY OF THE OMNIBUS HORSE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cruiser Sold.—His new Acquaintances.—The Start.—The Stop.—The Fall.—Jawing.—Help Wanted.—Cruiser's Education.—Delights of Winter.—Broken in.—His last Sale.—Finale.

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Poem of The Road.	Mannahatta.
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A Boston Ballad, the 78th Year T. S.	Thoughts.
CALAMUS.	Unnamed Lands.
Crossing Brooklyn Ferry.	Kosmos.
Longings for Home.	A Hand Mirror.
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(To You, Whoever You Are.	Savantism....Perfections.
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[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

apply THE SYSTEM, it would not be impossible to influence the stars."

"And what then would become of painting?" asked Gazonal.

"It would be grander."

"And would we have larger eyes?" said Gazonal, looking significantly at his two friends.

"Mankind would then become again what we were before our degeneracy; our six-feet men would then be pigmies"—

"Is your picture finished?" asked Leon.

"Entirely finished," answered Dubourdieu. "I have tried to find Hiclar, to have him compose a symphony: I would wish to have those who looked at my composition hear music like Beethoven's, so that their ideas should be developed, and their intelligence awakened, in two ways. Ah, if the Government would lend me one of the saloons in the Louvre"—

"But I will speak about it if you wish; for nothing tending to improve the mind should be neglected."

"O! my friends are preparing articles, but I am afraid they will go too far."

"Bah!" said Bixiou; "they cannot go as far as the future."

Dubourdieu looked sideways at Bixiou, and continued on his way.

"He is a fool," said Gazonal: "the course of the moon guides him."

"He has a touch, and he has knowledge," said Leon; "but Fourierism has killed him. In him you see, Cousin, the effect of ambition upon artists. Too often, in Paris, from a desire to succeed, sooner than by the natural way, in obtaining the celebrity which is a fortune for them, the artists borrow the wings of chance. They think to make themselves great by making themselves the men of a party,—by becoming the supporters of a system; and they hope to change a faction into a public. Such an one is a republican, another a Saint-Simonian, another an aristocrat, another a Catholic, this one eclectic, that one middle-age, or German, as may happen. But if party-spirit does not give talents, it always spoils them—witness that poor fellow you have just seen. The artist's spirit should be a faith in his work; and his only means of success, when nature has given him the sacred fire, is work."

"Let us flee," said Bixiou; "Leon begins to moralize."

"And that man was in earnest?" cried Gazonal, still stupefied.

"Thoroughly in earnest," answered Bixiou; "as much in earnest as the king of humbugs was just now."

"He is crazy!" said Gazonal.

"He is not the only person whom Fourier's ideas have made crazy," said Bixiou. "You know nothing of Paris. Ask here for a hundred thousand francs, to realize the most useful idea to the human race, to try something like a steam machine, and you will die at the hospital as Solomon de Caux did; but if it is for a paradox, people will lose their lives and their fortunes for it. Well, it is with systems as it is with things. Impossible journals have, during the past fifteen years, consumed millions here. What makes your lawsuit so hard to gain, is that you are right, and that according to you, there are secret reasons on the Prefect's side."

"Do you conceive that when a man of wit has once comprehended the moral side of Paris, he can live anywhere else?" said Leon to his cousin.

"If we carry Gazonal to mother Fontaine's," said Bixiou, calling a public carriage, "it will be passing from the severe to the fantastic. Driver, the Old Temple street."

The three rode towards the Marais.

"Who are you going to show me?" asked Gazonal.

"The proof of what Bixiou just said to you," answered Leon, "by showing you a woman who makes twenty thousand francs a-year by working an idea."

"A shuffler of cards," said Bixiou, who could not help interpreting the Southerner's look as a question. "Madame Fontaine passes, among those who seek to know the future, as wiser than the late Miss Lenormand was."

"She must be very rich," cried Gazonal.

"As long as the lottery lasted, she was the victim of her own idea," said Bixiou, "for in Paris there is no great receipt without great expenditure. All the strong heads crack themselves, as if to give a suspicion of their emptiness. All those who gain a great deal of money have vices or fancies, doubtless for the purpose of producing an equilibrium."

"And now that the lottery is abolished?" asked Gazonal.

"Well, she has a nephew for whom she amasses her money."

When they arrived, the three friends saw in one of the oldest houses in the street a rickety staircase, with rotten steps, leading, from the gloom and stench peculiar to houses in an alley, up to the third floor, and which only a drawing could represent; literature would lose too many hours in the attempt to paint it correctly.

An old woman, in harmony with the door, who was perhaps the door animated, introduced the three friends into a room used as an ante-room, where, despite the heated atmosphere which filled the streets of Paris, they felt a cold damp, as great as that prevailing in the deepest tombs. A damp air came up from an interior court, which resembled a vast air-hole. The light was grey, and in the window were growing some unhealthy-looking plants. The room was covered with grease and smoke; the chairs, the tables had all a miserable appearance. The floor was as dirty as a butcher-pen. Even the smallest accessories were in harmony with the hideous old woman, with a hooked nose, a pale face, and ragged garments, who told the applicants to be seated, and that they could be admitted to MADAME only one at a time.

Gazonal, who was intrepid, entered bravely, and found himself in the presence of one of those women whom death has forgotten, doubtless for the purpose of leaving some few images of himself among the living. She had a withered face, from which shone two grey eyes with a fatiguing stare; a turned-up nose, soiled with snuff; bones, well mounted with muscles resembling bones, with which, under the pretext that they were hands, she carelessly shuffled the cards, like a machine about to stop its movement. Her body, like a broom-stick decently covered with a dress, enjoyed the prerogative of a corpse—it did not move. Upon her forehead stood a band of black velvet. Madame Fontaine, for it was really a woman, had a black fowl upon her right, and a large toad, called Astaroth, upon her left, which Gazonal did not see at first.

The toad, though of a surprising size, did not by itself excite so much fear, as by its two eyes, as large as five-cent pieces, and which glowed like two lamps. It is impossible to support such a staring look. As the late Lassailly once said, when he had been lying in a field and trying to outstare a toad by which he was fascinated, "The toad is an inexplicable being." Perhaps the animal creation, including man, is epitomized in him: for, said Lassailly, the toad lives an indefinite time; and, as is well known, among all created animals his marriage lasts the longest.

The black fowl had her cage at a distance of two feet from the table covered with a green carpet, and could walk up to it by a plank, which formed a sort of drawbridge between the cage and the table.

When this woman, the least real of all the creatures which filled this Hoffmanic den, said to Gazonal "Cut," the honest manufacturer felt an involuntary shiver. It is the importance of the things we wish to know, that makes these creatures so formidable. We go to buy hope from them, and they are well aware of it.

The cave of this sybil was much more sombre than the ante-chamber. You could not distinguish the color of its paper; the ceiling, blackened by smoke, absorbed instead of reflecting the little light which came through the window, darkened by the pale and sickly plants which stood in it; but this half light fell full upon the table at which the sorceress was seated. This table, the old woman's sofa, and the chair upon which Gazonal sat, was all the furniture of the room, which was divided by a partition, behind which Madame Fontaine doubtless slept. Gazonal heard, through a small door which stood ajar, the murmur peculiar to the boiling of a pot. This noise of cooking, accompanied with a compound smell in which that of a sink was the principal ingredient, mingled incongruously the idea of the necessities of life with those of a supernatural power. It was a mixture of disgust with curiosity. Gazonal saw a wooden step, the last one doubtless of the private staircase that led to the garret. At a single glance he saw all these details, and was almost nauseated by them. They were frightful in a different way from the stories of romancers and the scenes of German plays; they had a suffocating reality in them. The air exhaled a stupefying heaviness, and the darkness irritated the nerves. When the Southerner, stimulated by a sort of fatuity, looked at the toad, he felt the heat in his stomach which an emetic produces, and a terror like that of a criminal before the police. He tried to reassure himself by looking at Madame Fontaine, but he met two eyes almost white, the aspect of whose motionless and glassy balls was insupportable to him. The silence became fearful.

"What does the gentleman wish?" said Madame Fontaine; "the game for five francs, the game for ten francs, or the grand game?"

"The game for five francs is costly enough," answered the Southerner, making unheard of efforts to prevent himself from being influenced by the surroundings in which he found himself.

Just as Gazonal tried to collect himself, an infernal voice made him start from his chair; the black fowl commenced to cackle.

"Go in, my daughter; the gentleman wishes to spend only five francs." The fowl appeared to understand her mistress, for, after having advanced a step towards the cards, she returned gravely to her place.

"What flower do you love?" asked the old woman, in a voice made harsh by the phlegm in her throat.

"The rose."

"What color is your favorite?"

"Blue."

"What animal do you prefer?"

"The horse. Why these questions?" he asked, in his turn.

"Man is influenced in everything by his former conditions," she said, sententiously; "from thence come his instincts, and his instincts rule his destiny. What do you eat with most pleasure—fish, game, grain, butcher's meat, sweet things, vegetables, or fruits?"

"Game."

"In what month were you born?"

"September."

"Hold out your hand."

Madame Fontaine looked attentively at the lines of the hand held out to her. All this was done seriously, without any pretence of sorcery, and as simply as a notary would have inquired into the intentions of a client before drawing up a law-paper. The cards being sufficiently shuffled she asked Gazonal to cut them, and place them in three piles. She took the three piles, spread them one over the other, and examined them as a gambler examines the thirty-six numbers of a roulette-table before risking his stake. Gazonal's bones seemed frozen—he knew not where he was; but his astonishment increased when this frightful old woman in a green, greasy, and flat cap—the false top of which showed more black-ribbons than gray-hairs, curled into interrogation-marks—commenced, in a voice stifled with phlegm, to tell him all the facts, even the most secret ones, of his former life,—to tell him his tastes, his habits, his character, even the ideas of his childhood, everything that could have influenced him, his broken engagement of marriage, why it was broken, with whom it was made, the exact description of the woman he had loved, finally what country he came from, his lawsuit, etc.

Gazonal suspected a mystification got up before hand by his cousin; but he saw the absurdity of this conspiracy as soon as the idea of it occurred to him, and he stood gaping before this really infernal power whose incarnation had borrowed from humanity all that through past ages the imagination of painters and poets had looked upon as most frightful,—an atrociously little old diseased woman, toothless, with cold lips, a flat nose, and white eyes. The pupils of Madame Fontaine's eyes became animated—they were lighted up with rays from the future or from hell. Gazonal interrupting the old woman, asked mechanically of what use were the toad and the fowl.

"To predict the future. The questioner himself throws some grains of corn upon the cards: Bilowch comes to pick them up! Astaroth crawls over them to get his food which the client holds out to him; and these two admirable spirits are never deceived. Do you wish to see them at their work? You will learn your future. It is a hundred francs."

Gazonal, frightened at the aspect of Astaroth, hastened to the anteroom, after saluting the terrible Madame Fontaine. He was in a sweat, as though he had been subjected to the infernal incubation of the spirit of evil.

"Let us go," he said to the two artists. "Have you ever consulted that sorceress?"

"I never undertake any important matter without making Astaroth speak," said Leon, "and I have always found it well to do so."

"I am expecting the honest fortune which Bilowch has promised me," said Bixiou.

"I have a fever!" cried the Southerner. "If I believed in what you say, I would believe in sorcery, in a supernatural power."

"It may be only natural," said Bixiou. "A third of the lorettes, a fourth of the statesmen, a half of the artists, consult Madame Fontaine; and a Minister is well known to whom she serves as an Egeria."

"Did she tell you your future?" asked Leon.

"No; I had enough with my past. But if she can, with the help of her frightful assistants, predict the future," said Gazonal, taken by an idea, "how could she lose in the lottery?"

"Ah! you put your finger upon one of the greatest mysteries of the occult sciences," answered Leon. "As soon as the sort of interior mirror in which the future or the past is reflected for them, is clouded by the breath of a personal feeling, of any idea foreign to the use of the power they exercise, the sorcerers and sorceresses no longer see anything in it—just as an artist who soils his art by a temporizing or time-serving compliance loses his talent. Some time ago, a man endowed with the gift of divination by cards, a rival of Madame Fontaine, gave himself up to criminal practices; he could not read the cards for himself, and see that he would be arrested, judged, and condemned by the Court of Assizes. Madame Fontaine, who predicts the future correctly eight times in ten, never knew that she would lose her stake in the lottery."

"It is the same in magnetism," said Bixiou. "A person cannot magnetize himself."

"Good for magnetism!" cried Gazonal. "Ah, you know everything, then?"

"Friend Gazonal," said Bixiou, gravely, "one must know everything, in order to be able to laugh at anything. As for me, I have been in Paris from my infancy, and my pencil supports me by ridiculing things, at the rate of five caricatures a-month. I frequently joke upon an idea in which I believe."

"Let us pass on to other exercises," said Leon: "let us go to the Chamber, where we will arrange our cousin's business."

"This," said Bixiou, imitating Odry and Gaillard, "is high comedy, for we will make the first orator we meet in the hall of Pas-Perdus pose for us, and you will recognise there, as elsewhere, the Parisian language, which has never but two expressions—interest or vanity."

On getting into their carriage, Leon saw in a cab which was rapidly passing a man to whom he made a sign signifying that he wished to speak with him.

"It is Publicola Masson," said Leon to Bixiou. "I will ask a chance to see him this evening at five, after the Chamber. The cousin will see the most curious specimen of all the originals."

"Who is he?" asked Gazonal, while Leon was speaking to Publicola Masson.

"A pedicure, the author of a treatise upon chiropedism, published by subscription; a man who, if the republicans triumph for six months, will most certainly become immortal."

"In a carriage?" cried Gazonal.

"But, friend Gazonal, in Paris only millionaires have time enough to go on foot."

"To the Chamber," said Leon to the driver.

"Which, sir?"

"Of Deputies," said Leon, interchanging a smile with Bixiou.

"Paris commences to confuse me," said Gazonal.

(To be continued.)

[From 'Lyrics and Legends of Rome.']

CAVALIERE SERVENTE.

Antonio Brandi was a noble Roman,
 A married man—but that's his own affair:
'Tis very certain that in Roma no man
 'Ere paid such mark'd devotion to 'the Fair;'
And consequently, if at any Festa—
 Or gay resort—within the Holy City,
He met a 'Bella Donna,' he address'd her,
 And mostly with success—the more's the pity!

It chanced one year, at Carnival appearing,
 He sought by stealthy glances all around,
In every carriage, and beneath masks peering,
 For what it seem'd was nowhere to be found;
It was not very difficult to guess
 Some 'assignation' prompted this research;
And when the streets grew silent, his distress
 Was great, to find himself 'left in the lurch!'

So giving o'er the chase, he turn'd away,
 Intending peaceably to go to bed;
And would have done so, but that in the way
 Came that which turn'd his footsteps and his head—
'It cannot be! I never could suppose her
 So false! And yet this chance is monstrous handy!
Although I ne'er would doubt my lovely Rosa,
 I'll see the truth on't, or my name's not Brandi!'

And so he follow'd, being now convinc'd
 'Twas she—the faithless 'Rosa'—sought in vain
And with another! Poor Antonio winc'd,
 Not with a husband's, but a lover's pain;
Along the 'Via Condotti'—past the Fountain—
 Through the Piazza—t'wards the Pincian Hill—
The pair moved on, and just as they were mounting
 The steps, they felt his presence, and stood still.

The night was dark enough, but yet the Moon
 Threw on the spot a faint illumination:
A shriek of recognition—then a swoon—
 And then Antonio's angry exclamation—
'Signor! this lady is, I think, my own!'
 The lady groan'd—Antonio drew his sword—
One instant, and the Cavalier had flown,
 And left them both without another word.

He gently raised the treasure from the ground,
 Where still she lay with scarce a sign of life;
But mark Antonio's horror, when he found
 'Twas not his long-sought Rosa—but 'his wife!'

Quite blind to our own faults, we see them in others,
 Although the impeachment our nature disowns;
Be content with your own, and don't covet another's
 'Those who live in glass houses should never throw
  stones.'

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT FELTON.

To the Editor of the Evening Transcript:

Under ordinary circumstances I should not feel called upon to take notice of an anonymous attack upon the administration of Harvard University. But there is a communication in the *Transcript* of last evening, signed 'Massachusetts,' which is so erroneous in its statements, and so calculated to stir up ill-feeling, that I must ask you for the privilege of a brief reply, especially as you seem partly to approve the communication in your editorial comments.

I understand you to say that it came from a distant part of the State. It is an obvious remark that Cambridge is only half an hour from Boston, and any person having the right to inquire and desirous of knowing the truth, might in half an hour more, have ascertained what has actually been done, and the reasons for the course adopted, in each of the cases alluded to. He would have found them quite different from the representations in the communication of 'Massachusetts.' He would have found for example that the allegations relating to the 'Glee Club' are essentially erroneous. He would have found that the statements relating to the Commencement Dinner are quite wrong. In regard to the latter the facts are simply these: It is not the established custom, which it is proposed to break up; but it has been found necessary to abandon an innovation, and return to the old and long-established custom. The measure has been adopted, not by choice, but by necessity. The dinner provided on Commencement-day is paid for out of a fund created by a charge formerly made on the quarterly-bills, under the heading of 'Catalogue and Commencement Dinner.' That charge has been for many years discontinued. The dinner was provided for Masters of Arts, and all persons who have received honorary degrees, together with the officers of the College and invited guests. The practical interpretation put upon the rule, was that all graduates of three years' standing were considered entitled to admission to the dinner.

A few years ago, the younger classes were invited, including the graduates of the year. For a time, no inconvenience was experienced from the new practice; but as the classes increased in number, and the hall was crowded with more than could be comfortably accommodated, many of the older graduates, who had paid for their dinners, ceased to attend. Now the simple question is, which shall have the precedence, the older men or the younger men—those who have paid, or those who have not? The present hall is not sufficient to receive both. One or the other must give way. It seemed clearly just that the innovation should be discontinued, and the old established rule restored. This would meet the difficulty, and would do no injustice to anybody. The younger classes will have their turn, and the older graduates will take the places they are fairly entitled to, without the rush and pressure of a crowd too large for the hall.

'Massachusetts' imputes the postponement of the Inauguration to an 'injustice toward the Senior Class.' The postponement of the Inauguration from the 29th of May,—the day first selected—to the 19th of July, was made upon my own recommendation. When the 29th of May was suggested, I did not remember that the triennial meeting of the Alumni was to be held this year. I have always thought it desirable that the body of the Alumni should be associated, on all public occasions, so far as possible, with the University. It would be for the benefit of the Institution, if they had some practical part in its affairs, as such. In the English Universities this relation, in one form or another exists. The graduates ought to be regarded as in part the representatives of the University. They certainly are its representatives as much as the undergraduates. The Inauguration of a President seemed to me an occasion proper for combining both bodies; and this was the main reason why I proposed the postponement of the Inauguration to the Alumni Day. The dissatisfaction of the Senior Class with the first arrangements reported by the Committee, was an incident, and only an incident. I confess I did desire to prevent them from doing, under the excitement of a supposed wrong, however mistaken, any act which they would afterwards regret.

But the main reason—the reason without which the charge would not have been thought of—was the undoubted propriety of uniting the body of the Alumni in the ceremonies of the Inauguration. This was the argument on which I urged the proposition in laying it before the Corporation, the Faculty, and the Committee of the Alumni, and these were the explanations I frankly gave to the students. 'Massachusetts' reproaches the government of the College with an act of discipline, by which he says he is informed that 'a number of the Senior Class, for comparatively trivial offences, were deprived of their class day—a day that to them can never be replaced.' It would be improper to answer this charge by stating the particulars of the case alluded to. The author of such accusations must know that he has this advantage in making them. I shall not, under any provocation, vindicate the action of the College government, by exposing the young men who were the subjects of a remarkably lenient College censure to the comments of the press. But I have heard, neither from the young men themselves nor any of their friends, a word of complaint. Should any person, who has a right to an explanation, desire it, such person, and such alone, may have it from me at any time; but no amount of anonymous misrepresentation of the acts of the College Faculty shall draw from me a name or a fact connected with this transaction.

'Massachusetts' again declares that 'the College has given grounds to the graduating class, which is about to leave its walls, for a want of trust and confidence. He who says this may possibly believe it; but if he does, it only shows his profound ignorance of the principles on which the administration of the College is conducted. And when you intimate, Mr. Editor, that there is a want of 'frankness' and of 'confidence in the honor and gentlemanly spirit of the students,' as you seem to do, your language implies a state of things at Cambridge the very reverse, pardon me for saying so, of that which actually exists. Confidence in their honor, trust in their word, reliance upon their gentlemanly spirit, are the cardinal principles of the intercourse between the Faculty and the students. But with all this there is a government, and there are laws, and the laws will be enforced, whatever fault finders in distant parts of the State may think about their propriety.

C. C. FELTON.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

LORD BACON.

It would be perceived, by a notice in yesterday's *Press*, that Brown & Taggart, the Boston publishers, will not bring out their new and complete edition of the Works of Francis Bacon, whom Pope has designated

"The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind,"

until September. The publication was to have commenced this month, but will be delayed in order to introduce valuable additional notes and corrections, by Mr. Spedding, the English editor of the work, which will much increase its value and interest.

This mention of Francis Bacon reminds us of the ordinary, but incorrect, practice of calling him 'Lord' Bacon, which we (*The Press*) have strenuously objected to, as we do to a fiddler or a balloonist being vulgarly and ignorantly dubbed 'Professor.' In Thomas Moore's Diary he records a dinner at Murray's, the publisher, whereat Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Washington Irving, Lockhart, the Somervilles, and Mr. Miller, an able writer on law, were all present. He says: Miller 'mentioned the circumstance of Coke being called *Lord* Coke, though with no right to it. *Lord* Bacon, too, a misnomer; ought to be called Lord Verulam. *Judge* Blackstone a vulgarism.'

Sir Edward Coke was only a Knight, and not entitled to be called *Lord* Coke, though, as Chief Justice, he was 'My Lord' and 'Your Lordship' on the Bench. Francis Bacon was one of two hundred and thirty-seven person who were knighted shortly after the accession of James I. In 1617 he was made Keeper of the Great Seal; in January, 1618, he was appointed Lord Chancellor, and in the July following was created Baron Verulam. In 1620 he was created Viscount St. Albans. He was, therefore, Lord Verulam first, and next Lord St. Albans, but *never* 'Lord' Bacon.

What was he called in his life-time? We can answer the question. Mr. Joseph N. Moreau, one of our compositors, has a taste for curious old books, and in his collection is one which he has lent us. It is entitled 'Via Recta ad Vitam Longam; or, A Plaine Philosophical Discovrse of the Nature, Faculties, and Effects of all such Things, as by way of Nourishments and Dieteticall Obseruations make for the preseruation of Health, with their iust applications vnto euery age, constitution of bodie, and time of yeare; By To: Venner, Doctor of Physicke, at Bathe in the Spring and Fall, and at other times on the Burrough of North-Petherton, neere to the ancient Hauen-Towne of Bridgewater, in Somersetshire." This title, by the way, shows that the use of the word Fall as a synonyme for *Autumn*, so common in this country, and so much ridiculed as an Americanism in England, actually was thoroughly English long before the Pilgrim Fathers introduced it into New England.

Worthy Doctor Tobias Venner, whose book was published in 1620 (the imprint runs 'London, Printed by Edward Griffin, for Richard Moore, and are to be sold at his shop, in St. Dunstan's Church-yard, in Fleet-street'), dedicated it, in a highly eulogistic preface, *not* to 'Lord' Bacon, which the man was not, but 'The Right Honorable Francis, Lord Vervlam, Lord High Chancellor of England,' etc. At the time the book was printed, Bacon was only Lord Verulam, though he was elevated to the rank of Viscount St. Albans in the same year.

Nothing seems stronger than the presumption that Bacon, as always has been customary, was spoken to and spoken of, in the fullness of his fame and honors, by the title which he had *won*, and not by one *which did not exist*. Suppose that instead of giving a baronetcy to Walter Scott, George the Fourth had created him Baron Abbotsford. How would *he* have been called? No doubt he would invariably be addressed, personally, as Lord Abbotsford. Many would continue to speak of him, familiarly, as 'Scott'—but, assuredly, nobody would dream of mentioning him as 'Lord Scott.' Again, there is little doubt that, whenever he pleases to ask for it, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton will be elevated to the Peerage—it is understood that he is unwilling to accept it while his wife lives, not wishing to place a coronet upon the bold brow of one who had unsexed herself, and devoted whatever talents she possessed to the constant abuse of himself and his nearest relations. (She is in rude bodily health, by the way, and very likely to outlive her husband!) Say, however, that taking his title from his estate in Hertfordshire, Bulwer should be made Baron Knebworth. Surely, nobody would think of speaking to him, or of him as Lord Bulwer?

The cases of Scott and Bulwer, which we put hypothetically, run parallel with the case of Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, and Viscount St. Albans—particularly as, in the parliamentary inquiry into his venality as a judge, he is invariably mentioned as Viscount St. Albans, and never once as Lord Bacon. To miscall him so, has grown into a habit—but use does not make right what is radically wrong.

WIMMIN'S RITES.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

A showman meats with strange sites. He sees human natur as she are, unmasked, & without no close on, & he must be stoopider nor a ded kab hoss if he duzzent stock his branes with several kinds of nollege.

The undersined won't Boste. Ime a American cittersun. I go in fur the fast salin, snug bilt, & full manned skeuner United States, which runs herself, she does, & on whose decks 1 man is as good as another, & frequently more so, if he conducks himself strate. To use a Shakspeerian frase, I'm native and to the manor born, & don't want to put on airs simply becaws I've met with grate suckcess in the show perfershun, which I've bin into goin on twenty-2 yeres. My worthy projennytors was unable to give me a cussycal edycation, and all I nose I pickt up,

"As I saled, as I saled,"

to kote from Capting R. Cidd, the sellebrated pirut. But thank heven, my sire and sires gave me a gud bringing up, and I pint with feelins of pride & pleashure to the fack that nun of our family was ever in Congress, or on the New York perlice, or Arms house Guvner.

The ensooin seenes in my checkered kareer is respectably submitted:

WIMMIN'S RITES.

I pitched my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last seeson, & while I was standin at the doore takin money, a depytashun of ladies cum up & sed they was member of the Bumbunville Femail Moral Reform & Womin's Rites Associashun, & they axed me if they cood go in and not pay.

"Not exactly," says I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Dew you know who we air?" sed one of the wimin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter, with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm—"dew you know who we are sur?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kursery view, that you air femails."

"We are, sur," sed the feroshus woman—"we belong to a Society whitch beleeves she is endowed with as mutch intellect as man—whitch beleeves in rasin her to her proper speer—whitch beleeves she is trampled on and aboozed—& whitch will resist hense4th and forever the incroachments of proud and domineering man."

Durin her discours exsentric female grabd me by the coat collar & was swingin her umbreller wildly over my hed.

"I hope, marm," sez I, startin back, "that your intenshuns is honorable! Ime a lone man, in a strange place, besides I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she not dream of freedom—does she never think of throwin off the yoke of tyrinny, & thinkin' & speakin' and votin' for herself? Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not bein a natrol born fool," sez I, by this time a little riled, "I kin safely say that she doth not."

"O whot—whot!" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air, "O, whot is the price that a woman pays for her experience!"

"I don't know," sez I; "the price to my show is 15 cents per indiwiduol."

"& can't our Sosiety go in free?" axed the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.

"Crooil, crooil man!" she saied, & bust into teers.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the exsentric wimin, takin me affekshunitely by the hand. "O, please let my darter in—she's a sweet gushin child of natur."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal noncents; "let her gush!" whereupon they all sprung back with the simultaneous observashun that I was a Beest.

"My female friends," sed I, "be4 you leave, I've a few remarks to remark; wa them well. The female woman is 1 of the greatest institooshins of which this land can boste. It's onpossible to get along without hir. Had there bin no female woman in the world, I should scarcely be here with my unparalled show on this horsepishes occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O, woman, woman!" I cride, my feelings wurked up to a hi poetick pitch; "you are an angel, when you behave yourself; but when you taik off your proper appariel (mettyforically speakin) and get into my pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, & with your heds full of wimmins rites noshuns go around like roarin lyon, seekin whom you may devour sumbody—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil & air an emfatic noosance. My female friends," I continued, as they was indignantly departin, "wa well what A. Ward has said."

— A collection of papers has just been discovered, in the handwriting of Lord Chatham. They have descended from father to son in three generations, having originally been the property of one Marsh, who was in his Lordship's employ as valet, and recommended to the Premier by Lord Rockingham. Mrs. Ann Marsh, the wife of the valet's great-grandson, has placed the interesting documents in the hands of a celebrated literary and political writer, who is preparing them for publication, under the title of 'Laconics by Chatham.'

— 'From Hay-time to Hopping' is the title of the new work by Miss Coulton, the authoress of 'Our Farm of Four Acres.'

INSURANCE.

THE CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of $210,000, with a surplus of over $100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS:

George S. Fox, Josiah Macy, William H. Falls, Joseph W. Corlies, John D. Wright, Peter S. Titus, Thomas C. Chardavoyne, Ralph Mead, Richard Field, Irad Hawley, Richard F. Carman, Henry H. Barrow, Hull Clark, William C. White, John J. Walker, Charles H. Marshall, Thomas W. Pearsall, William H. Macy, Leonardo S. Suarez, John Penfold, Samuel Rayner.

GEORGE S. FOX, *President.*
SAMUEL TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

THE BROOKLYN
Fire Insurance Company.
CHARTERED 1824.

OFFICE	OFFICE
16 Merchants Exchange, NEW YORK.	11 COURT, Cor. of Remsen street, BROOKLYN.

CASH CAPITAL	$153,000 00
SURPLUS	107,641 72
ASSETS	$260,641 72

Dividends---JANUARY and JULY.

WILLIAM F. LEGGETT, Secretary. WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, President.
CHARLES BURKHALTER, Vice President.
GEORGE AGER, ROBERT C. BELL, } Surveyors.

The Gebhard Fire Insurance Company.

OFFICES:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULLS-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d avenue.

CASH CAPITAL - - - $200,000

DIRECTORS.

William D. Waddington, President. Frederick Schuchardt, Adrian Iselin, Edward Jones, Robert Lenox Kennedy, Edward Burckhardt, James W. Beekman, N. W. Stuyvesant, Charles De Rham, A. McL. Agnew, William Bloodgood, William F. Cary, Jr., George A. Robbins, Samuel L. Mitchill, Jr., David Jones, Jaques Guedin, J. P. Giraud Foster, Edward Cooper, E. Von der Heydt, S. M. Beckley, James S. Wadsworth, Cornelius Du Bois, William Schall, George Griswold, Jr., Martin Zabriskie, Franklin H. Delano, Hamilton Blydenburgh, Josiah H. Burton, R. L. Schieffolin.

WILLIAM D. WADDINGTON, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

THE
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
(INCORPORATED, 1821.)
Office No. 68 Wall Street.

CAPITAL, $250,000.

Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Vessels in Port and their Cargoes, and other property, against Loss or Damage by Fire.

DIRECTORS:

W. P. Palmer, Rufus L. Lord, William F. Mott, Edwin D. Morgan, William W. Fox, Richard Tighe, Peter Cooper, Thomas Barron, Robt. B. Minturn, Moses Taylor, Thos. W. Pearsall, Henry Elsworth, Augustus H. Ward, James Colles, Sydney Mason, L. S. Suarez, John Caswell, John Steward, John C. Green, Eben. B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, *President.*
ANDREW J. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
50 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most liberal terms.

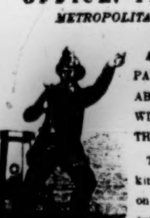
WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

INSURANCE.

THE FIREMEN'S
Fund Insurance Company
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, $150,000.

OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY,
METROPOLITAN BANK BUILDING



☞ ORGANIZED ON THE PLAN OF PAYING ONE-HALF OF THE PROFITS ABOVE SEVEN PER CENT. TO THE WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

This Company insures Property of all kinds against Loss or Damage by Fire, on as reasonable terms as similar Institutions.

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, President.
HENRY BEECKMAN, Secretary.
ROBT H. McMILLAN, Ass't Sec'y.
WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

THE
Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.,
108 BROADWAY,
CORNER PINE STREET.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - $300,000

This Company, having a Cash Capital exceeded by those of only four other Companies, continues to insure all kinds of Personal Property, Buildings, Ships in port and their cargoes, on terms as low as are consistent with the security of the insurers and the insured.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

Joseph B. Varnum, Leonard Appleby, Fred. H. Wolcott, William K. Strong, Moses Taylor, James O. Sheldon, Daniel Parish, J. Lorimer Graham, Jr., Gustavus A. Conover, Martin Bates, Jr., Dudley B. Fuller, Pascal W. Turney, Franklin H. Delano, Henry V. Butler, Jos. B. Varnum, Jr., Sam'l. D. Bradford, Jr., Bowes R. McIlvaine, Gilbert L. Beekman, John C. Henderson, Lorrain Freeman, Edward Macomber, Watson E. Case, Charles E. Appleby.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary.
ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't Secretary.

JULY, 1859.
The Insured Participate in the Profits,
WITHOUT INCURRING ANY LIABILITY WHATEVER.

Continental Insurance Co.,
CITY OF NEW YORK.
OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL, - - $500,000

The attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features, in connection with this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

		Pr. ct.
First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared	July 9, '57,	35
Second " " "	July 8, '58,	50
Third " " "	July 14, '59,	50

SECOND:—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Co.,	$570,363 43
" 1857, " " "	649,719 54
" 1858, " " "	751,908 52
" 1859, Gross Assets, "	905,681 84
" Liabilities,	16,514 37

THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

FOURTH:—This Company has reserved the right to issue Policies which do not participate in the profits, and such policies will be issued to those who prefer it, at as LOW AS ANY COMPANY can insure, and, at the same time present PERMANENT SECURITY to their customers.

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary. CYRUS PECK, Ass't Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

36 per cent. to all members since	1853.
38 " " "	1848.
39 " " "	1843.

The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,262 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	88,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	20,000 00	
Contingencies of investments, 5 per cent. on the amount of property of the Company,	69,781 00	
Reserve for small bills not presented, and charges accruing at agencies on business not yet matured,	1,816 00	
Amount of surplus for distribution,	335,763 00	$1,395,622 21

☞ This is the oldest American Mutual Life Insurance Company, and one of the most successful, and is purely Mutual, dividing all the surplus profits in cash, among all the Insured.

Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

Last report and other publications and information respecting the advantages of life insurance, furnished gratis at the Branch Office, Metropolitan Bank Building, No. 110 Broadway, New York city.

JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.

COMMONWEALTH
Fire Insurance Company,
Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York.
HAS A
CASH CAPITAL OF $250,000,
WITH A SURPLUS SAFELY INVESTED IN BOND AND MORTGAGE.

DIRECTORS:

JOSEPH HOXIE, *President.*

Hugh Maxwell, John J. Crane, Richard Irvin, George Bulkley, Joseph Stuart, Henry Stokes, Silas Davis, B. F. Wardwell, Henry Camerden, Jr., Francis Skiddy, Sam'l. L. Mitchell, Dudley B. Fuller, Wm. James Todd, George T. Cobb, Robert T. Haws, F. C. Havemeyer, William E. Curtis, J. P. Robinson, Moses Taylor, Charles H. Marshall, William J. Butler, A. C. Kingsland, R. Burkhalter, Wm. R. Kirkland, Chas. Chamberlain, Robert T. Wilde, Rudolph Staudinger, Wm. B. Nichols, Oscar Varet.

GEORGE T. HAWS, *Secretary.*
A. H. DOUGHTY, *Surveyor.*
N. B. HOXIE, *Attorney and Counsellor.*

The Resolute Fire Insurance Co.,
No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL $200,000
WITH A LARGE SURPLUS.

First Dividend to the Assured,
JULY 1st, 1860.

This Company, at the solicitation of its numerous Patrons, and in accordance with the vote of its Directors, and with the assent of its Stockholders, will hereafter

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured.

Those doing business with this Company will receive, annually a large return of their Premiums.

Parties preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy are entitled to that privilege.

N. B.—Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks taken at favorable rates.

C. F. UHLHORN, President.
WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary.
D. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor.
New York, July 1st, 1860.

Printed at Allen's Office, No. 9 Spruce street, New York.